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Current Comments

THE Stockport election should have been a shock to the complacency of the Government. Recent events have undoubtedly strengthened the faith of the bulk of the electorate in Conservative principles, but they have severely shaken their confidence in the Government which they returned with such a handsome majority. An atmosphere of gloom and discontent, if not of dismay, has settled upon the party organizations in the constituencies. Mr. Eastham, the Conservative candidate at Stockport, was almost apologetic in his speeches, and admitted that perhaps the Government needed "a bit of ginger." Platitudes, complacent satisfaction with their performances up to date, plaintive appeals for mutual forbearance and goodwill, together with occasional brave words from the Home Secretary as to his intention to exclude or deport seditious aliens, do not constitute a policy strong enough to enable the Government to ride the storm which almost everyone now knows is brewing. The premonitory rumbles of thunder, the intermittent flashes of lightning, far from rousing the captain and officers of the ship to a sense of near danger, seem to have stricken them with a palsy if not of fear, then of fatalism. The crew, anxious for orders to shorten sail and brace the ship, are in no mind to go down while the officers sing hymns. We have already stated plainly that the Government were culpably unprepared to meet the menace of a general strike in July. At the present rate of progress it is doubtful if they will be ready next spring, if, indeed, the forces of disorder grant them so long a respite. The *morale* of the nation is being allowed to decline. The people want a sign and the Government fail to give it. They seem to have lost the initiative, and invariably run for cover to conferences, inquiries, compromise, or subsidies. They are confronted by such a host of difficulties that no one could expect them to cut their way through them

Drifting

all at a stroke. But without some early evidence of better generalship and greater resolution confidence in their ability to conduct the campaign will wane, and Stockport will be the prelude to a general despondency which will rob even the present Conservative majority of its moral prestige.

A Positive Policy

SUCH criticism would be as cheap as it would be futile if it were not justified by the equally definite indications of a positive policy which we have consistently urged in this REVIEW. What, then, are the cardinal points in our national problem which demand the most urgent attention?

They are three, and closely interdependent:

Excessive public expenditure and taxation;
Unemployment, and
Threatened Revolution.

No Government was ever more deeply pledged to reduce expenditure than the present. Yet Mr. Churchill's first budget shows an actual increase, and he confesses himself beaten by the vested interests of the public services. Already the country has abandoned hope that he will effect any real economy in Imperial expenditure, while the powers of local authorities to squander money raised by rates have been touched not at all. This is not the place to examine in detail how economies should be effected. We can simply repeat that a cut is required, not of an illusory £10,000,000, but of ten times that amount, before adequate relief can be expected. Not only is such a cut possible, but it is imperative.

Unemployment results mainly from two causes, excessive costs of production which kill demand, and unwillingness, either to work at all, or to work well. Reduction of taxation and local rates would immediately cheapen production, and to that extent stimulate demand and employment. Ca' canny, onerous and uneconomic trade union restrictions, and strikes, constitute a separate problem, the solution of which in some of its chief aspects may be shortly expressed by the term Free Trade in Labour. The combination of Labour for the advancement and protection of its interests is of course as legitimate as the combination of employers for like purposes.

The right to refuse work upon any terms offered by the employer is a sacred prerogative of every free man, and is, indeed, only denied to workers in a Socialist or Communist State by its "proletarian" dictators.

But the prevention by intimidation of others willing to perform work which the strikers have refused is a crime, whether it is brought about by brute force or by so-called "peaceful" picketing. Moreover, the immunity of unions from legal recourse against their funds in respect of broken contract, conferred upon them by the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, is an absurdity and a negation of the principles of equity and law upon which alone an ordered State can be based. This immunity must be repealed, and interference in any form with willing workers must be declared a criminal offence and punished accordingly. Doles are a powerful contributory factor in creating unwillingness to work, while they pile an ever-increasing burden upon a decreasing industry less and less able to bear it. Such an artificial position has been disastrously created that, under our present form of Government, it cannot perhaps be righted by a stroke of the pen, but the system of doles must by degrees be abolished until it is reduced to no more than the barest subsistence allowance. Even this should be coupled, in all cases not obviously the result of a temporary depression for which the worker is not responsible, with such compulsory work as would effectively eliminate the mere work-shy.

Who Shall Govern?

THERE remains the threat of Revolution, the simplest of the three problems, since it implies the subversion of the existing order by force. Reason and persuasion having failed, there is no means of overcoming force except by the exercise of greater force. We have nationally long emerged from the reign of mere brute force when might was right, to which only labour extremists wish to revert. We have a constitution, a code of law, a representative government, an army, navy, and police. The Government is invested with power to use these forces to protect the State in accordance with the constitution and our code of law. If the State is threatened by attack from within it is as

clearly the duty of the Government to use its forces to repel that attack as if the State were threatened from without. But the Government talks and does not act. Instead of arresting, imprisoning, or deporting anyone directly or indirectly guilty of attempting to pervert the army, it issues pompous warnings of its intention to do so, evidently more anxious to be spared the unpleasant necessity of annoying Anarchists by drastic measures than to rid the country of these pests. We are humiliated by the contrast between their unpardonable weakness in permitting entrance to a criminal scoundrel like Tomsky to preach plunder and sedition, and the action of the American Government in simply forbidding another sedition-monger like Saklatvala from landing.

If a Conservative Government with a two hundred majority, largely owing to the nation's detestation of Bolshevism, is afraid of Tomsky and his trade union hosts, how can the country be assured that it has the necessary nerve to face the big offensive next spring?

Mosul and Iraq

It is deplorable that a question in which the honour, the prestige, and the material interests of the Empire are all involved should be obscured by such prejudice and ignorance of essential facts as threaten a right solution of the Mesopotamian problem. With the desire to present a fair statement of the case we publish in this number two articles, the first by Lord Raglan, who is temperately critical of the Government policy; and the second, by Mr. F. W. Chardin, late political officer in Mosul, who maintains that it is an obligation both of honour and of our imperial interests to stay in Iraq. Lord Raglan enumerates several conditions failing which, in his opinion, our acceptance of an extended mandate will prove very onerous. He also states clearly the objects of the Turks in attempting to eject us. We believe that Lord Raglan has made out the strongest case which, without sensationalism and with strict regard to truth, can be urged against prolonging our responsibility. It may, however, be fairly inferred that, subject to the conditions and precautions which he considers necessary, his final judgment would be that we have no choice but to remain.

The decision of the Council of the League of Nations to shirk its responsibility and to refer the Turkish claim to the vilayet of Mosul to the Hague seriously aggravates the difficulty. It prolongs the period of uncertainty, and gives the Turks just the opportunity they have been playing for of threatening and making trouble. They are not likely to fail their ally, Lord Beaverbrook, in furnishing "copy" calculated to enable him to frighten his readers with prospects of a war, which nothing but the encouragement they are receiving from his hysterical campaign could induce them even to contemplate. The unfortunate Christians, who within the last few weeks have been persecuted and driven out of their homes into British-protected territory, would probably have been left in peace had the Turks not misconceived the attitude of a section of our Press as an indication that the nerve of the British public was already too shaken to withstand a few demonstrations of frightfulness.

Those who know most of the situation are unanimously of opinion that apart from such foolish incitement of Turkish intransigence the chances of war are exceedingly remote. The Turkish Republic of to-day, with a greatly shrunken population, is not the old Turkey of the Caliphate. Her influence in the Moslem world is enormously reduced owing to her anti-religious policy and flouting of Islamic sentiment. Kemal may equal Mussolini in his self-confidence, but in nothing else. We could very easily call his bluff, but if, on the contrary, we yield to it, British prestige in the Orient will seriously decline.

Iraq Indivisible

THE report of the League's Commission of Inquiry was an admirable attempt at facing both ways. It gave little real elucidation to the question, and was quite *ultra vires* in its recommendations as to the period of the British occupation of Iraq. In his article, "Iraq—Mosul," Mr. Chardin shows that, racially and geographically, the Turkish claims have not a leg to stand upon, which statement would seem to be confirmed by the report. It appears also that the inhabitants showed no clear preference for either Iraq or Turkey, but inclined to the former, *provided Britain remained in occupation*, as they had no

confidence in Iraq's unaided ability to protect them from Turkish brutality which, despite bowler hats and other signs of modernity, recent events in Kurdistan have shown to be still true to type.

The policy of the Government is, on moral grounds, unassailable. We have incurred obligations to an Arab State and to the Assyrian Christians, "our smallest war-time ally," from which we cannot recede without base treachery and loss of prestige. In the East, prestige is everything—conciliatory gestures, under pressure, worse than nothing.

The actual question before the League is the demarcation of the definite frontier where the kingdom of Iraq is to march with the republic of Turkey. Lord Raglan points out that, on the principle of strategic security, the only possible frontier is that of the crestline of the hills which separate the highlands of Kurdistan from the plains of Iraq, and it is of this line which the Turks wish to deprive the Iraqis. All other lines, whether covering Bagdad or covering Basrah, are so inferior as to be quite unacceptable. Surely, sufficient proof of this is provided by the history of the War, when the British, in spite of themselves, were forced to penetrate further into the hinterland in order to safeguard the oilfields of Persia, until they reached this very frontier.

A Land of Promise

ALTHOUGH it is the economic stick which has been used, so constantly, to beat the Government, there are concrete reasons why the occupation of Iraq and Mosul should, in the near future, pay the British taxpayer for standing by his bond. The country is potentially rich, as the Turks know full well, and as the Germans recognized in their "Drang nach Osten." Oil (hateful word, but desirable commodity!) undoubtedly abounds in the region of the Tigris valley, while in the Kurdish foothills are deposits of iron, copper, lead, and coal. In the northern province large quantities of hard-grained wheat and barley are grown without irrigation, and this quantity could be vastly increased given a scientific war on pests, security from grasping landlords and officials, and from tribal forays, for the nomadic Arabs would largely turn to

cultivation if they found that it paid and that raiding did not.

On the irrigated lands, in both provinces, cotton is already grown successfully, and it behoves us to pay very close attention to an area which is a great potential source of supply to the mills of Lancashire. As the British Government has spent millions of pounds in the country since the armistice, it is at least a business proposition to try and get something back, instead of cutting our losses, in a land with such a productive past and such a promising future.

The present cost, to the British Exchequer, of the occupation of Iraq is some four million pounds per annum. Of that sum at least a half is in respect of Air and other services which would not be saved in any case. The real cost, therefore, is in the region of two million pounds, and cannot be considered excessive in view of the certain moral, and probable commercial, advantages to be gained by keeping our word. In the opinion of competent judges, such as Mr. Hilton Young, M.P., whose authority on financial questions is undoubted, Iraq *as a whole*, including the vilayet of Mosul, should quickly, under British guidance, become fully self-supporting. Our inquiries in quarters where reliable information is available confirm this view. Prognostications of continual deficits in Palestine have already been falsified, and the prospects in Iraq are certainly more promising than those of Palestine. Even at present, before development has seriously commenced, British trade with Iraq amounts to three-quarters of that with Turkey, and after a few years of ordered government and the application of methods similar to those which incalculably multiplied the production and wealth of Egypt, Iraq is likely to become a rich source of raw material and profitable trade.

Imperial Insurance

IMPORTANT as these considerations may be, especially in view of the scare campaign now being waged against our staying there on financial grounds, they are not perhaps the most powerful reason for doing so. If the British Empire is to remain an Empire and not to crumble into isolated and impotent fragments, it must guard and strengthen its prestige. It must honour its bond, uphold

its rights, and stand by its allies, not abandon them all at the first sign of bluster. Above all, it cannot lower the flag which throughout the world symbolizes the highest standard of civilization to one which should bear the skull and crossbones. By our control of Iraq we stabilize a vast region, certain otherwise to be the scene of constant turmoil, intrigue, oppression, and war. It is in effect a prairie clearing which prevents the spread of fire. It will help to insulate India, Persia, and Egypt from Turkish-cum-Russian intrigue and aggression. Even if the administration of Iraq were to cost us a million or two a year in perpetuity, which is extremely improbable, it would still be but a moderate insurance premium against vastly greater risks and expense in territories where we cannot escape from our responsibilities. Englishmen cognizant of those responsibilities have reason to be grateful to Mr. Amery for his effective and brilliant defence of our Imperial interests, authority, and good name.

Three Acres and a Cow

THE late Mr. Jesse Collings, whose proposals for resuscitating rural prosperity in England never accomplished much more than the semi-contemptuous notoriety of this phrase, must have despaired of raising a national issue above the level of party politics. It is understood that in the coming session Mr. Wood, the Minister for Agriculture, who, with Lord Bledisloe has just returned from a visit to Denmark, will formulate a new scheme for the encouragement of small holdings, and already Mr. Lloyd George, with a plan of his own, is predicting that a Conservative Government "can only make a mess of it." In view of the great interest in the question which will soon be aroused we are publishing an article in this number by Mr. David Thirsk, "The Danish Crofter," giving a clear account of the successful development of the small-holding system in Denmark.

Twenty-five years ago it seemed that the efforts of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Agricultural Organization Society would be rewarded by the establishment of an equally prosperous agricultural industry in Ireland. Co-operative creameries were, in fact, successfully established and resulted in a great and profitable development

of the export of butter. There was no need for co-operative bacon factories, as Limerick, Cork, and Waterford already possessed well-equipped privately-owned factories capable of dealing with all the hogs which Ireland could produce. After a period of unexampled but artificial prosperity owing to the war, Irish agriculture has, however, relapsed into a condition of almost hopeless inefficiency shown by the fact that Ireland actually imported more butter last year than she exported. The explanation is simple. The science, system, and intelligent application which are universal in Denmark hardly exist in Ireland. Cows are cows, and pigs are pigs in Ireland, whereas in Denmark they are bred and tested by results like race-horses. The Irish character has defeated Sir Horace Plunkett and it remains to be seen whether the Free State Government, which, to its credit, is grappling with the problem, can succeed in effecting a radical improvement. Ireland has natural advantages over Denmark in soil and climate, with a ready market in Great Britain for the whole of her agricultural produce. Scientific knowledge can be imported. Character is a more difficult problem. The Government might do worse than to import a few Danish farmers as examples.

In view of our own Government's proposals it is disconcerting to learn, as Sir William Beach Thomas has recently pointed out in his illuminating articles on Danish agriculture in the *Observer*, that while Danish small-holders have flourished on inferior land which would be regarded as untenantable in England, the ex-service-men colonies in Lincolnshire, on some of the very best land in England, have cost the Government nine millions of money and "broken the heart" of many of the small-holders themselves.

Yet, beyond dispute, on vastly inferior land, with no better climate and more remote markets, the Danish holdings show a good profit. The conclusion is irresistible; science must be lacking and character also. Character does not consist only in willingness to work, but in dogged determination to overcome all obstacles, and to learn how to work in the most efficient way. Mental effort, intelligence, and perseverance, are as

essential as mere muscular toil and, if these be lacking, the Dane and the New Zealander will win as surely as the mechanical thresher will defeat the flail.

If the problem of economic production on small-holdings can be solved, the problem of marketing remains. So far, in this respect, the essential spirit of co-operation has been wanting in England, but it may prove to be less difficult to create than the will and the ability to produce efficiently. Those who imagine that the solid prosperity of small farming in Denmark can easily be reproduced in England would do well to remember that the Danish system was an independent and spontaneous growth of a popular demand established in the first instance without Government assistance. It was only when its success and its national value had been demonstrated by the indomitable efforts of the sturdy pioneers that the Danish Government extended its help. Most government-inspired schemes here or elsewhere have failed. The combination of idealism and bureaucracy which pervades the inception of every measure of "social reform," is usually fatal. Is Mr. Wood yet sufficiently disillusioned and realist to devise a method whereby the Government may initiate without violation of the natural laws which are superior even to enthusiastic and sanguine departments in Whitehall?

Mr. W. O'Brien on Parnell and Ireland To-day.

It is impossible that the patient chronicler of events he has not witnessed should conjure up from the material at his disposal, however voluminous, the same picture of the battle as one who was in the thick of the fight. To the present generation, as well as to those who remain of Parnell's contemporaries, the veteran Mr. William O'Brien's views on the Ireland of to-day, his picture of Parnell and the closing events of his tragic career, will have more vivid interest and carry more conviction than the recently published compilation of Mr. St. John Ervine. Mr. O'Brien's article on Mr. St. John Ervine's life of Parnell, which we publish in this number, is more than a review of the book. It is the tribute of a loyal colleague to his old chief, and a revelation of some hitherto unknown facts of

the tragedy which finally overwhelmed him. Referring to that "new affront," the partitioning of Ireland, and the possible results of the Boundary Commission's activities, Mr. O'Brien declares that the "ingenuity of statesmen will be thrown back upon new negotiations and more creditable devices." He sees no alternative between "an ultimate demand for the concession to a de-Partitioned Ireland of the Dominion right of amicable secession" on the one hand, and "those other methods of winning the assent of Ulster, which were nearer to success than is generally suspected before the Northern Protestants were goaded to arms by an unendurable wound given to our national pride by the Partition bargain of the Irish Parliamentary Party of 1916." These sentences seem to indicate Mr. O'Brien's belief that the solution of the Irish problem is the abolition of Partition all-round, of Ulster from the rest of Ireland, and of Ireland from the rest of the formerly United Kingdom. He evidently believes that the amount of self-management Parnell sought for Ireland would be compatible with this all-round reunion, that what is required is that another Parnell shall arise having the genius and force of character needful to win all persons and parties to this solution. We would gladly share this optimistic view. The substantial reunion, however, will need more than the healing of old wounds of sentiment or the commanding genius of another Parnell to bring it about. Though the Free State is at present bent on becoming a German-controlled, industrially self-supporting community, importing more butter than it exports, Ireland may still find it to her advantage to share in a tariff-protected British agricultural market. Although we believe that it will take far more to bring peace and prosperity to Ireland than a return to Nationalist ideals under a new Parnell, we agree with Mr. O'Brien that it is time to call a halt to the Boundary nonsense before it sets Ireland ablaze. For while the politicians of the South persist in wild talk and impossible claims, Ulster has solemnly sworn that, apart from merely minor adjustments, she will concede nothing, even if the Northern Parliament is dissolved and Ulstermen have to defend their rights under the leadership of Sir James Craig. And Ulster means what she says.

First-class Brains

It was Lord Birkenhead, we believe, who first gave popular currency to the phrase "first-class brains." He was doubtless, and justly, conscious of the fact that even amongst the small band of double firsts his own brilliant intellect was assured a high place. It would seem, however, that with the arrogance of intellectual superiority, unbalanced by qualities of character not necessarily associated with first-class brains, he declines to be bound by rules of conduct no less expected of a statesman than of an even intellectually obscure English gentleman.

In the halcyon days of company promoting, enterprising adventurers like Mr. Hooley, Mr. Whitaker Wright, and Mr. Bottomley baited their appeals for subscriptions with more or less distinguished titles for which they gladly paid a cash consideration. The trick was overdone, until titles, unless associated with proved ability, went to a discount. But the public is ever gullible, and the exploitation of gullibility will never fail to attract the cupidity of a certain type of ingenious, if inferior, brain. A very low class of journalism is that which sells flattering publicity to social and financial "climbers." It is never far removed from the even more despicable method of extracting money from fools—blackmail. For some time past owing to a series of disclosures and mishaps, rather than to any shortage of fools, the industry had been languishing. A bold stroke was necessary to re-establish it. In his wildest flights of imagination even Mr. Hooley never aspired to capture a live Cabinet Minister, a Secretary of State and ex-Lord Chancellor. The secluded meditations of Mr. Bottomley must be disturbed by the realization that a mere novice at the game has outshone the most brilliant efforts of his hey-day in the art of stamping false coin with a noble name. For a person of no account, having arranged with an accommodating journalist to supply the "write-ups," actually succeeded in contracting with Lord Birkenhead to affix his signature to a series of twelve "biographies," garnished with intimate and touching details of the life history and personal characteristics of the subject, for the paltry consideration of a mere £100 apiece. As it is inconceivable that even the borrowed glamour of the noble Earl's name would

produce any genuine public demand for these essays in contemporary history, and since the publishers are presumably not philanthropists, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the time-honoured methods of similar enterprises were contemplated. We have reason to believe that certain persons of distinction, approached by the publishers with offers of canonization by Lord Birkenhead, rejected the honour with a vigour which must have been disconcerting to a simple-minded merchant who thought that honour could be bought and sold like any other commodity, and that surely it would be impossible to buy a better brand than that supplied by an English ex-Lord Chancellor. But if bankers and men of standing are not available, Lord Birkenhead and his publishers may find a profitable field amongst cinema stars, bookmakers, and manufacturers of tooth paste. Or, since his friend Lord Beaverbrook does not disdain to draft the drapery advertisements which render his publications so attractive, why not join forces? Lord Birkenhead's versatile pen would be invaluable in the composition of the "ad" with a real "pull." Lingerie or liqueurs, chocolates or champagne, he could deal with them all inimitably.

If the Conservative Party is not blessed with too many first-class brains it is at least not lacking in first-class characters, than which none stands higher than that of the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin must know that he will shortly be engaged in a struggle in which character will be of greater importance than brains. It is time that he reviewed his staff.

Shooting the Moon

In spite of the mechanical progress of the past quarter of a century, man's practical achievements have yet to overtake the imagination of Jules Verne. No submarine yet built, or likely to be built for a long time to come, can hope to rival Captain Nemo's "Nautilus." Until a practicable helicopter has been produced the "Clipper of the Clouds" will remain an unrealized aspiration amongst aircraft. The giant gun which fired a projectile containing human beings at the moon is still a long way ahead of the "Big Berthas" which lobbed shells into

Paris at a range of sixty or seventy miles. Professor R. H. Goddard for a number of years has been working out the details of a giant rocket to be fired at the crater-pitted face of Selene, but much remains to be done before even this initial attempt to throw a missile from the earth to its satellite and so bridge the least of the distances separating our world from its neighbours—some 240,000 miles—can be made with reasonable prospects of success. And even should it be possible to raise a flash—or a splash—on the moon by means of one of Professor Goddard's squibs that could be detected by an observer with a telescope, the result would hardly justify the cost of the experiment. It would certainly prove that the thing could be done, but before living beings could make the passage some way of insulating them from the heat of the successive explosions required to propel the rocket, and from the cold of space, would have to be devised. Last, but not least, the formidable problem of how the return journey is to be effected remains to be solved, not to mention the disagreeable possibility of reprisals from the "locusts" which Professor W. H. Pickering has recently suggested are concerned in certain peculiar monthly changes in the colour of small sections of our satellites' surface!

[*In November we shall publish an important article on the discoveries of Dr. Gye and Mr. J. E. Barnard on the causation of cancer by "F.R.S.," a distinguished professor of medicine.*]

Conservative Policy and Pledges

By Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.P.

THE country is entering a period of the gravest strain in its history. Will she once more struggle through to safety, or, through lack of leadership and understanding, be allowed helplessly to drift to chaos?

Of what avail are the inertia and fatalism embodied in the phrases "great wars invariably bring similar conditions," "trust the people," "with goodwill all would be well," "things are not really as bad as they might be," and the like? We are at the parting of the ways. Neither shallow brilliance nor soporific dullness will avail. Disaster can only be averted by strong, wise and active guidance, by action, not speeches, by a true understanding of the immensity of the issues, by taking definite steps and not sitting with folded hands.

For eleven years we have continued (and have come to look upon it as a normal circumstance) to live on the momentum of reserve forces created by our predecessors. Our lead is lost, and we are in the ruck of highly-civilized nations in the struggle for existence.

We are over-industrialized and under-ruralized. Foreign countries are not buying our products, trade is growing worse, and the Empire alone is saving the situation. Industry is stumbling closer and closer to the verge of a chasm. The mounting figure of unemployment will probably reach 1,600,000 by the end of the year. We are under-ruralized inasmuch as we fall far short of producing the first requirement of every State—the food necessary for its national sustenance.

The palliative policy of subsidies and doles at the expense of the tax- and rate-payer which has recently been so widely extended, is suicidal: it is rapidly sapping the national virility and independence: a camel cannot live on its hump in perpetuity: a large flywheel will not take the place of steam: if the policy does not kill, it will fritter the slender reserves of strength and must enormously increase the odds against recovery: the greatest national benefit would be obtained by its abandonment.

But there are other steps, positive and negative,

which can also be tackled at once. It is urgently necessary to recognize that the War has left results from which improved organization, harder work, and greater economy alone can save us. Self-dependence and thrift are still the sure foundations. Economic production is still essential to enjoyment. In industry the only economic solution is the lower cost of production. Progress and development are impossible without confidence, incentive to work, and equilibrium. Progressive management and sound labour must closely co-operate. But the reign of order is indispensable.

Conservatism gained an overwhelming mandate at the last Election, and had an immense opportunity. The whole country recognized the paramount necessity of cutting down national expenditure and reorganizing the machinery of government in accordance with our reduced resources. The Government was expected to act; to take the initiative and not to submit to every demand; to consolidate; to effect closer inter-Empire relations; to put the house financially in order; to return to practical possibilities; to reduce overhead charges; and to set a dominating and inspiring example in harder work, increased efficiency, and drastic economy.

The problem, on a vast national and international scale, is the same as that constantly faced by the head of every successful business concern, and should be dealt with by the Government on business lines.

When Mr. Baldwin appointed his Chancellor something was at least hoped from Mr. Churchill's wide experience of individual departments, but nothing has been done, and there is growing wide-spread disappointment. An undigested and very expensive Bill was tagged on to the Budget, a record amount of hastily-prepared legislation has been passed, there has been a considerable increase instead of decrease in expenditure, the faint suggestion of economies of £10,000,000 a year which came as an anti-climax to those who looked for relief of the burdens on industry and employment has disappeared in an atmosphere of "false and visionary hopes," and there is now the appointment of the inevitable committee of inquiry.

Nor, when our administration is the most extravagant

in the world, and when we are spending vastly more than we can afford, does it help to be told that mathematically, after eliminating War debt, higher prices, and "social reform," our expenditure is little more than before the War.

The Government was certainly pledged to prepare far-reaching social schemes. But any practical man would know that it is impossible successfully to launch and maintain costly new schemes until intrinsically unsound policy has been dropped and the machinery of administration has been overhauled, reduced, simplified and frugalized on the test of pivotal necessity. Any strategist would weigh resources and possibilities and mass at the decisive point; he would recognize the national essentials as being the development of Home and Imperial Agriculture and Trade, Employment, Housing, and Finance.

There can be no health in the trunk or branches of administration unless the roots of policy are sound. It may be asked what the Treasury and Parliament are doing. The answer is, that the Treasury devotes itself too much to the obstruction of expenditure, on which it is subsequently overruled on grounds of policy, and too little to the minimizing of expenses; and that Parliamentary control on expenditure has almost completely broken down. As things are, much of the time allocated to the discussion of estimates is taken by complaints against individual acts of administration, the details of expenditure frequently receiving little or no attention.

The effect of this is shown in the increases which have taken place in the costs of Government: 100 per cent. in the vote for works and buildings; 250 per cent. in that for law and justice; 300 per cent. in the cost of civil departments; and in the greatly-disproportionate increase in the cost of administering the fighting services.

So serious, indeed, is the inadequacy of Parliamentary control, that a revised procedure with the setting up of some three standing committees on estimates, and, possibly, decentralization of Government, is urgently called for, and whatever reorganized machinery of Parliamentary control is adopted, it should have the assistance of a skilled costing staff, seeking in every department channels of uneconomic expenditure.

As I have said, economic conditions will have to be re-established, and no substantial improvement or increase of reserves is possible until the whole unsound policy of subsidies and doles is abandoned, but the Government and public can, and must, immediately stop the leakage of the few that remain.

The most obvious lines of Governmental action are:

A real endeavour must be made by conversion and by specially earmarked taxation, such as heavy luxury duties, to grapple with the debt services to which very nearly half our annual expenditure finds its way, and which, unless tackled in time, will bring the finishing touch to the breakdown of industry.

A great increase in the acreage under cultivation, of the production of food, and of the number of people employed on the land is absolutely essential to correct the existing false ratio between the manufacturing and agricultural industries. Amongst other methods an extensive development of allotments and small holdings on an economic basis would help this.

Defence is useless unless there be internal prosperity, and whilst ensuring Imperial security and working for an international reduction in armaments, we could effect a considerable diminution in the outlay on the fighting services as a result of a scientific unification of defence policy, the scrapping of redundant and obsolete establishments, and the simplification, elimination of overlapping, and reduction of administrative departments, by reorganization on a joint basis for common functions. At present, as we know, administration costs increase while the fighting forces decrease.

In like manner there are unquestionable opportunities in the reorganization of Government departments with a clear and non-duplicating definition of their functions and responsibilities, a reduction and absorption of the lesser ministries by the larger, and a re-formation of the Cabinet on a basis of ten or eleven instead of twenty-two Ministers. For a period Ministers and Members of Parliament should receive only half salaries. In and out of the Cabinet there are now some fifty-three Ministers and under-secretaries. No other country has anything like this figure. A reduction in the number of departments,

as of the number of officials, would in itself afford considerable saving to the public. Sound policy backed by simplicity of organization is the basis of efficient action.

Scope also lies in a reduction in the numbers of Whitehall officials who, excluding those of the Army, Navy, and Air, are costing some £16,500,000 a year. The Civil Service has received greater additions to its pay than any other class in the community, and there are no circumstances which justified the shuffle round of duties and the increased calls on the public purse which accompanied the reorganization of the Civil Service after the war. Then there was the matter of the quite unnecessary up-grading of establishments, and highly re-scaled rates of pay allowed for the fighting services in 1919—more especially in the higher ranks and unskilled categories. These are examples of burdens of extravagance which the country cannot and must no longer be asked to bear.

As no sufficient result can be achieved from any one class or body, so there is no time for special departmental selection. Funds allocated to all Government departments should be strictly rationed on a flat-rate percentage. The reduction of all staffs should also be enforced on a fixed percentage by decreasing the volume (and cost per head) of the inflow and accelerating the outflow; and the hours of work and annual leave (where in excess) should be brought into conformity with commercial practice.

When this has been done impartially all round, the work of eliminating, or still further reducing, more or less useless departments and personnel could proceed as fast as permitted by the necessary consideration.

Perhaps of most permanent value are steps to consolidate and strengthen the Empire. One essential is the development of Empire emigration, with particular regard to the correction of one of the worst evils of unemployment—the growing mass of youths who have had no opportunity to learn to work, let alone learn a trade. And, as a corollary, there should be a greater concentration on directing trade within Empire channels, a limitation of the use of State loans to the benefit of Empire products, and a rigid restriction of Government orders to Empire materials.

There must also be closer regard to the burdens arising

from local expenditure, and an increased co-operation between Government and local authorities in conference.

Much can undoubtedly be done (and should immediately have been initiated when the Government took office) in these and many other ways to effect a reasonably quick reduction in the unbearable overhead costs that have been piled up during and since the war. Increased morale and efficiency would immediately result, not only in the departments of Government, but throughout the country, which would see that the Government was setting the right lead, meant business, had a real grip of the situation and the resolution to win.

For there is ample scope for public action in support of the Government, and the situation demands unity of action between the Government and the people. The practice as against the mere talk of economy should be conscientiously adopted, and the Government example followed in a crusade against individual waste, undue expenditure, and excessive time spent on pleasure. For two or three years everyone with an income of over £500 a year might pledge himself to reduce his expenditure in excess of £500 by at least 25 per cent. Thrift and forethought for the vicissitudes of the future should be recognized as the responsibility of the individual. The enforcement by the collective national conscience of everybody doing some form of work or social endeavour, the practice of refusing to use other than home or Empire goods; the strong support of the Government in its steps to secure economic production and distribution are as necessary as action by the Executive.

The committee which has just been appointed to inquire into expenditure may help if it devotes all day and every day to the work for some weeks, but, incidentally, it must be made quite clear that there will be inquiry into *all* departments, and not merely the fighting services. Lord Colwyn, as chairman, is excellent. Lords Chalmers and Bradbury are both old Treasury experts, and it might conceivably have been better had the investigations been in the hands of converted poachers rather than of retired gamekeepers. Another difficulty is that only witnesses for the defence will be heard; arrangements should be made for the complainant to be represented.

How much may be achieved by the committee, if there is time, only future budgets can show, but there is room for scepticism when one recalls the little heed taken of the Haldane, Geddes, Weir, and innumerable other reports. This time, on the reassembly of Parliament, the House of Commons should not only be assured by the Government that the committee is in no sense a sop to the public, that it will be assisted along every avenue of economy and organizational improvement, that no vested interests in the machinery of departments will be allowed to stand in the way, and that practical notice will be taken of the recommendations, but the House of Commons and the public must force the Government to be ruthless in their application of the report, and afford an example to local and domestic economy which will give a lead to a national campaign.

The immense opportunity of nine months ago has not been seized, and the sands are running very low. The opportunity and time for necessarily slow investigation by Royal Commission has passed. There is now only time left to save the country by action truly wise, courageous, extensive, and immediate. The nation, aware that the position is one of unparalleled difficulty and is in no sense merely of a temporary character, is anxiously expectant.

It knows that the next few months will radically affect the life and well-being of every individual citizen and his or her children.

Mr. Baldwin has respect in the country and an unexampled strength of numbers in Parliament. He still has one of the greatest opportunities in history to do great deeds for his country, the Empire, and the world. Given wise and courageous leadership, the bulk of the British public, with a deep belief in their country and sense of the pride of service, even in this materialistic age, are patriotically and loyally ready now, as they were in the war, and always have been, to accept the responsibility and take such steps as must and can only be taken in times of urgent national necessity. But without strong leadership there can be no useful national movement.

The Situation in Iraq

By the Right Hon. Lord Raglan

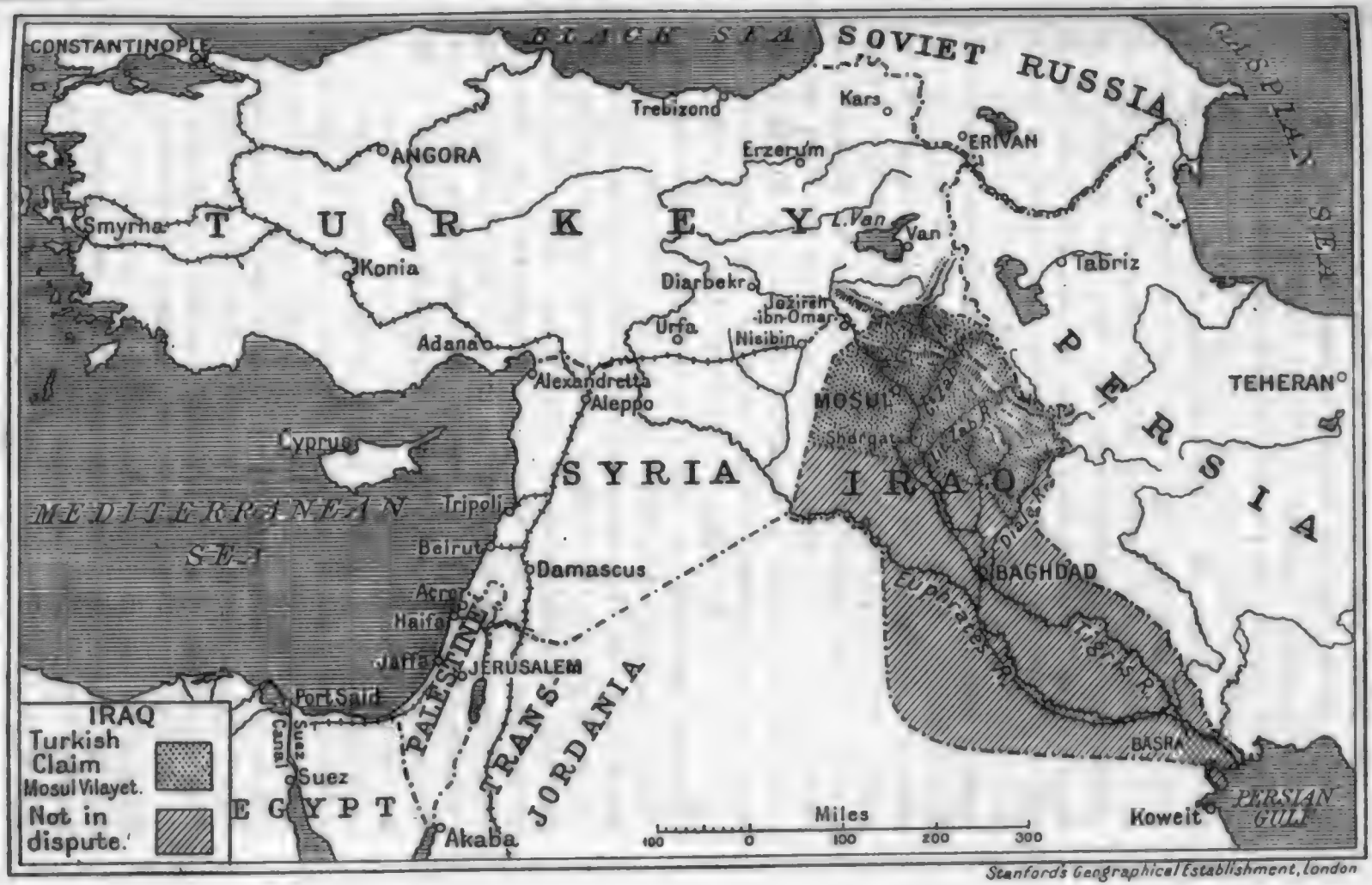
THE question whether this country should retain for a definite period the mandate for Iraq, and the question where the northern frontier of Iraq should be drawn, have, except in the minds of the League of Nations Committee, no connection whatever. It is quite obvious that if Iraq is to remain independent of Turkey, a frontier line must be drawn between the two countries.

Now, in itself the question is an unusually simple one. The frontier line cannot be racial, as it is bound to have Kurds on either side of it. It cannot be economic, as whether drawn north, south, east, or west of Mosul, it would be bound to deprive that city of territory of which it was formerly the commercial centre. It would be absurd to tie it down to the Turkish administrative boundaries, as these boundaries were drawn, in accordance with the deliberate policy followed throughout the Turkish Empire, in such a way as to split up races and tribes as much as possible. There remains the best principle of any that can be followed when dealing with frontiers—the principle of strategic security. Upon this principle the line which leaps to the eye is the crestline of the hills which separate the highlands of Kurdistan from the plains of Iraq, and that, subject to certain minor modifications designed to enable us to fulfil the obligations which we have rashly contracted towards the Assyrian Christians, is the line for which we have been asking.

The Turks, on the other hand, have been demanding a footing on the Iraq plain. Their reasons no doubt are:

(1) A forward movement on their part, even of a few miles, would increase their prestige at our expense, and cause uncertainty and unrest throughout Iraq.

(2) They wish to be in a position from which they can occupy Iraq with the minimum of difficulty if our hold weakens.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Jaffa
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(3) They are genuinely nervous of the nationalist movement among the Kurds, believe that it has received encouragement from us, and are anxious to be able to overawe as much as possible of Kurdish Iraq.

Knowing these facts one might have expected the League to have said: "We anticipate that as soon as you step out of Iraq the Turks will step in, and it is therefore not worth while sending out a boundary commission unless you will undertake to stay there for a sufficiently long period." What they have, in fact, said amounts to this: "We have seen the frontier, and have no doubt that the line you propose is the one best calculated to make a satisfactory boundary between the two countries. Nevertheless, unless you undertake to remain in the country for twenty-five years we shall accede to the absurd and extravagant demands of the Turks." This attitude is so illogical that one is driven to suspect that the party in this country which is out for Iraq at all costs has succeeded in squaring the League, in the same way as the Colonial Office squared the League in the matter of the Palestine-Transjordan boundary, with the object of avoiding as much as possible of the responsibility, and with the hope of coaxing the peace-at-any-price party for the nonce into the extreme jingo camp.

Incidentally, the League has turned down the Turkish proposal for a plebiscite. It is quite true, as our representatives have said, that the people would vote for the side they expected to win, but as we had a plebiscite on the occasion of Feisal's "election," our objection to it now indicates that the Turkish propaganda is likely to be the more effective.

It is very doubtful whether the inhabitants as a whole have any distinct preference. In 1918 the war-time exactions of the Turks combined with the propaganda of the Allies provoked considerable feeling against the Turkish Government, which, like all governments, was unpopular, though not more so than most others.

A couple of years later, experience of the fact that bureaucracy and taxation are not peculiar to the Turks, the dislocation of trade caused by the setting up of new frontiers in all directions, combined with pan-Islamic and anti-British propaganda, had brought about a reaction

in favour of the Turks. Now, however, the Turkey of 1914 has vanished, carrying with it much good as well as much evil. Gone is the Sublime Porte, the pride of every Moslem in the world, under which any Moslem, be he Bosniak or Circassian, Arab or Kurd, could, if he was willing to learn enough Turkish for official purposes, rise equally with a Turk to the top of the tree. Even Christians and Jews were eligible for all but the highest ranks of the official hierarchy, which, notwithstanding the Russian-inspired Armenian massacres of recent years, had a longer record of toleration of racial and religious minorities than any country in the world.

It is doubtful whether the Arab or Kurd can find much to sympathize with in the narrow, ultra-national Turkey of to-day, with its religious innovations and its panama hats.

We now come to the attitude taken up in this country towards the question of Iraq. There are three schools of thought. The first is for clearing out of the country completely and at once. It points out the drain upon our purses which the present policy entails and the improbability that we shall ever be repaid, and also the uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, position which we should be in if the Turks seriously set about the reconquest of the country. The second school favours the abandonment of Mosul and Baghdad, but the retention of Basrah. By this course we should, so they say, place ourselves in a strong strategical position, enable ourselves to maintain unchallenged our supremacy in the Persian Gulf, hold the door through which most of the trade must pass, and safeguard the Anglo-Persian oilfields. The third school, now apparently predominant in the Cabinet, is for hanging on to Iraq at all costs. They hope, so they say, to turn Iraq into a second Egypt. This is no doubt a possibility, but before making it a definite policy it is to be hoped that they will consider the following points :—

1. It will be necessary to find a second Cromer. Such men were never common, and are particularly rare in the government service now that the telegraph and telephone have destroyed all independence and initiative, and the filling in of returns has become the beginning and end of administration.

2. Our occupation of Egypt was followed by fifteen years of war on the southern frontier. Are we prepared for fifteen years of war on the northern frontier of Iraq?

3. We have gradually become less and less popular in Egypt, and now maintain ourselves there entirely by force. The same situation will no doubt arise in Iraq, where we are making exactly the same mistakes, especially in the matter of turning useful farmers and artisans into superfluous and consequently discontented clerks. There is however this difference, that while the holder of the Citadel at Cairo is the master of Egypt, there is no such key to Iraq.

4. The whole cost of the reorganization and development of Egypt was paid for by Egypt. The British taxpayer was not called upon for a penny, except for the Suez Canal shares, which have repaid their cost many times over.

5. Except for incidental benefits such as the safety of the Canal and the employment of a number of British engineers, etc., we have obtained no benefits from the occupation of Egypt that we have not shared with the rest of the world. If we adopt the same policy in Iraq where will the British taxpayer come in? If not, what will the League of Nations say?

Not only have we spent enormous sums in Iraq since the armistice, but even now the budget does not balance, and the British taxpayer is called upon to pay the difference. A parliamentary committee was sent out last year with a great flourish of trumpets to advise on the finance of the country. They recommended a few trifling economies, but made no attempt to compel the government of Iraq to cut its coat according to its cloth. There are two directions in which great economies might be made. First there is the Court. Even if Feisal were the rightful king, which he is not; even if he had any following in the country, which he has not; even if he were a capable ruler, which he is not; and even if he were loyal to us, which he is not, we should still have the right to say: "We are very sorry, but the country is bankrupt and you must retire." If it is thought undesirable that King George should be recognized as king as he has been in

Palestine, some prominent Iraqi might be appointed President on a salary of, say, £2,000 per annum.

Secondly, great economies might be effected in the army. No sane person supposes that the Iraq army, either in five or twenty-five years' time, will be able without British assistance to defend the country successfully against the Turks. This fact should be recognized and the army placed upon its proper footing as a corps of auxiliaries to the British garrison. Why should we have to put our hands into our pockets in order that the sons of coffee-house politicians and beggarly sheikhs may receive the education of British officers?

Finally, if it is desired to put the country on the same footing as Egypt, we ought to start by funding all the money which we have spent there since the armistice, and making the interest a first charge on the revenue. Owing to the action of the League we now find ourselves confronted with two alternatives, either to accept a continuance of the mandate for twenty-five years, or at once to clear out of the country altogether. Acceptance of the latter means announcing to all the world that we are afraid of the Turks, deserting all those in Iraq whom we have led to rely upon our assistance, and renouncing all hope of getting back the money we have spent.

Acceptance of the former, unless measures such as I have suggested be adopted, would entail an intolerable burden on the British taxpayer.

Iraq—Mosul

The Land of the Two Rivers

By F. W. Chardin

(Formerly Asst. Political Officer, Mosul Town).

THE area which at present comprises the British mandated kingdom of Iraq consists of two separate and distinct lands, as distinct as ever they were in the days when they were named Chaldea and Assyria. Before and during the war, the whole district was known to the outside world as Mesopotamia. In 1921, Mr. Winston Churchill, doubtless feeling that the word "Mespot" stank in the nostrils of the British public as a synonym for extravagance and wasteful mismanagement, bestowed upon the same area a name that most people considered a new one, and decreed that it should be called Iraq, thereby supplying a red herring to be dragged across the trail followed by the "Anti-Waste" Press.

Both names are, however, perfectly correct when applied to their particular areas, namely, Al Iraq (Ar. The Bank), to the alluvial lands stretching from somewhat north of Baghdad to the Persian Gulf—the ancient Chaldea; and Mesopotamia (Ar. Bain-an-nahrain, Between the Two Rivers) to the Mosul province, including also, perhaps, the highlands of Kurdistan—the ancient Assyria. Geologically and climatically, the two lands are quite distinct. In the southern district the soil consists of flat, low-lying, alluvial silt, extending to the Arabian desert in the west and the Persian hills in the east. In the northern district, undulating grasslands and steppe interspersed by low, stony hills comprise the district, which is bounded on the east and north by the savage mountain district of Kurdistan and on the west by the Syrian desert.

The actual boundary between the two zones may be said to be the Jebel Hamrin, a barren, stony outcrop lying some hundred miles north of Baghdad. South of

this the date-palm and the orange tree flourish, north of it they are never met with, owing to the greater severity of the winter climate. To the south, crops are only grown under irrigation; to the north, the vastly greater proportion of the crops are grown on the winter and spring rains alone. The one land may be said to resemble Egypt and North Africa, the other to contain many points of similarity to south-eastern Europe. The difference between the brick-built, palm-girt cities of Baghdad and Basrah and the grey stone city of Mosul and towns of Kurdistan is extraordinarily striking.

The two districts are at least as distinct as are England and Scotland, and the analogy can be carried a little further by comparing the highlands of Kurdistan with those of Caledonia. The Kurds of these hills live in much the same way as did the Highland clansmen of mediæval times. It may also be said that the Kurds resemble the Celts of the west of Europe. They dwell in the hill country. Just as the Celts of the west own allegiance to several states, British, Irish, and French, so do the Kurds inhabit a land included within the boundaries of Iraq, Persia, Turkey, and Soviet Russia, as well as Syria.

The obvious fact that this land, now called Iraq, is, and has always been, two distinct entities, gives some superficial show of justice to the Turkish claim that the Mosul vilayet should be returned to the Turkish fold after having been taken therefrom by force of British arms. In the Middle East it is notorious that religion plays a more important part than does race in the demarcation of national cleavages. So also does sectarianism within any one religion. Thus in the Basrah and Baghdad provinces we have a majority of some 1,500,000 Shi'ahs to a minority of some 600,000 Sunnis. In Mosul, on the contrary, the proportions are reversed, there being some 580,000 Sunnis to 22,000 odd Shi'ahs. These Sunnis, moreover, are of the orthodox Hanafi school of Turkey, and this alone might tend to substantiate the Turkish claim, were it not that the present Turkish State is quite divorced from, if not definitely hostile to, religion. Pan-Islamism is only used as a war cry to stir up the impressionable peasantry; in times of peace it is replaced by Pan-Turanianism. In passing, it would appear that

the former has more show of justice, for Islam has founded mighty civilizations and valuable cultures, while Turan has only supplied hordes of destructive, non-creative conquerors and despoilers.

The old Arabic name for Chaldea is Iraq ul 'Arab, "the Arabs' mud-bank," and this is a very apt designation, for the vast majority of the inhabitants, whether tribal or settled, are of definite Arab race, and all speak Arabic. On the contrary, the Mosul province is populated by a great variety of races, tribes, languages, and creeds. The Arab race is only second in point of population, giving place to that of the Kurds, while an element of some 60,000 Oriental Christians is of considerable importance. It is also noteworthy that all of the 22,000 odd Christians dwelling in the towns of Baghdad and Basrah are immigrants from the Mosul region, where they really represent the oldest inhabitants of the land.

From the emphasis given above to the differences between the two regions, it may possibly be inferred that the Turkish claims, as opposed to those of the Iraqis, have a strong basis in fact. But this is not by any means so, for the simple and sufficient reason that there are practically no Ottoman Turks at all, while there are at least 150,000 Arabs. It is true, however, that there are a number of villages and one town, Kirkuk, inhabited by so-called "Turcomans," descendants of pre-Ottoman Turanian invaders, and speaking an old dialect of Turkish. They are simple cultivators and, except in Kirkuk, take no interest in political matters. They have no particular nationalistic aspirations, and are quite a small minority element.

A solution of the question from an ethnic standpoint would be to attach the lands in the region of the two rivers to Baghdad, as being predominantly Arab, while the Eastern highlands should be made into an "independent" Kurdistan, an idea which has been toyed with by many. It, is, however, in the writer's opinion, an object utterly impossible of realization for many years to come, if only for the reason that a large block of Kurds dwell within the "sacred homeland" of post-war Turkey, and these are lands which that very self-conscious, defiant little State would never relinquish.

Portions of Kurdistan are also included in Persia, Syria, and the Soviet Caucasian Republics, and there has never been any suggestion that these areas should be given up by their respective overlords. Apart from these reasons, however, there exists the overwhelming one which lies in the fact that the Kurds are so primitive and ignorant, and live and dwell in such a patriarchal condition of tribalism, that cohesion would be quite impossible. To them "self-determination" could only signify wholesale licence and complete anarchy. Further still, Mosul, the plains, and the highlands, are economically interdependent. The town and the cultivating villages, as well as the nomadic Arab tribes, draw all their supplies of rice, tobacco, timber, fresh and dried fruits, etc., from the hills, and the Kurds rely on the town for all their supplies of grain, textiles, agricultural instruments, tea, coffee, sugar, and other necessaries of life, as well as manufactured articles such as matches, oil lamps, etc., and the imposition of such things as frontiers and customs barriers between a large district and its only emporium would be almost intolerable.

There has been, hitherto, little in common between the inhabitants of Baghdad and those of Mosul. This estrangement is probably dying out nowadays, but the fact remains that, while the land of Iraq looks more particularly towards the south and east—to India and Persia—the direction of the Mosulawi interests has been towards the north and west—Asia Minor and Syria, more particularly Aleppo—despite the intervening desert. Mosul has little or no connection with Persia, owing to the formidable mountain barrier and the rudimentary conception of "meum and tuum" possessed by the Kurdish aghas and tribesmen. Similar ideas as to private property exist among the Arabs of the western desert, but they are wise enough not completely to shear the sheep with the golden fleece, contenting themselves, if possible, by detaching a portion in the shape of "akhawa," or tribal protection levy on the trade caravans passing through the various tribal areas. This, naturally, will tend to encourage trade with the south, now that an open and tribal toll-free line of communication exists. A fact, however, which will undoubtedly turn the eyes

of Baghdad towards the west is the existence of cross-desert mail and passenger services operated regularly by the Nairn and Eastern Transport Companies between Baghdad and Damascus. The former company is also reported to be contemplating a service between Jerusalem and Baghdad by way of Amman, in Transjordania.

Thus it seems obvious that the economic interests of the northern province must, in future, lie in connection with the south, with which the open waterway of the Tigris always ensures communication, and with which, by means of the projected railway via Erbil and Kirkuk from Mosul, more easy and expeditious connection will be established. To the north, east, and west huge mountain barriers and wide desert steppes will always tend to restrict communication, particularly as there is no near prospect of the former German Baghdad Railway from Nisibin being completed.

The fact that the southern province is under the care and tutelage of a Great Power will put it in a better position as regards the procuring of the necessary foreign capital to develop its manifold resources, and there is every reason to think that the northern province, with its still greater resources, would at least share equally in that capital, particularly when one considers the enormous oil deposits which probably exist there. Capital will only flow in when confidence and security are established and straightforward and sound methods of government are employed, and, under British protection, the kingdom of Iraq can offer these things. At present, on the contrary, the modern Republic of Turkey has been so busy reiterating its independence and defying the civilized world that it has hardly even yet started to put its house in order. While acknowledging the necessity of foreign capital, it has done little to give it real encouragement, and it has, therefore, received little attention from other than adventurers. Even supposing Turkey should succeed in attracting the right class of capitalist, it is at least probable that funds so obtained would be swallowed up in developing the so-called "Turkish homeland" of Anatolia, where there is ample need for them, and little would penetrate to the decidedly "foreign" province of Mosul. It is said that

Turkey wants the Mosul province because of the Qaiarah oil-wells. But what outlet to the great markets of the world would the oilfields have, shut in on the north and east by almost impassable mountains, and on the west and south by a probably hostile Iraq and a possibly hostile Syria?

The two provinces of Baghdad and Basrah are, practically speaking, homogeneous, the population being almost entirely Arab in race and Moslem in religion. The only considerable minority is that of some 92,000 Jews, mostly resident in Baghdad. These are a great source of financial and commercial strength to the country, but present no political problem whatever, their whole influence being on the side of public security, peace and freedom of commerce. The influence of the Christian population of some 25,000 town-dwellers, referred to above, would be entirely with that of the Jews, as they are all merchants, craftsmen, labourers, and servants. The other notable minority, the Sabæans, or so-called "Christians of St. John," are peaceful craftsmen, and show similar political ideas. They number some 10,000 souls, and congregate mostly round Amarah, on the Tigris.

Mosul, on the other hand, is a veritable home of minority nation-sects (the Ar. "Milla," or Turk. "Millet" denotes both "Sect" and "Nation"), and the proportions of these minorities to the whole population is, relatively, much greater. First in number, and possessing a far greater economic importance than their numbers suggest, are the four great Christian sects, totalling at least 60,000 persons. These are descended from the old, pre-Islamic inhabitants of the land, and are engaged in agriculture, commerce, and craftsmanship. They are divided into churches as follows: (1) The Old Syrian or Jacobite Church, a truly Oriental sect with no western connections; (2) the Syrian Catholic Church, the Uniat offshoot of the foregoing; (3) the extremely ancient Nestorian Church; and (4) its Uniat offshoot, the Chaldean Church. These Christians form nearly a third of the population of Mosul town, and occupy all the large and prosperous villages in the surrounding plains and foothills, excepting the Nestorians whose home is the

mountain country, and who are a political problem in themselves. The Christians are enterprising cultivators and merchants, and practically monopolize the handicrafts of the towns. An important minority is that of the Yezidis, somewhat loosely called "Devil Worshippers." These people, numbering perhaps 40,000 persons, are, next to the Armenians, the most persecuted sect in the Middle East. They speak Kurdish, and are possibly Kurds. With few exceptions they are forbidden by their religion to read or write, and are, therefore, quite ignorant, simple cultivators. For centuries they have suffered massacre and torment for their peculiar faith, thus differing from the Armenians, whose tribulations have largely arisen from political causes. A notable item in their faith is the reverence paid to Satan, and to a secret brass image known as the "Peacock King." Other minorities are the Shebbakis, Badgwan, and Sarlis, but these are more in the nature of nominal Moslem sects, and are few in number. Unlike those in Baghdad, the Jews residing in Mosul are few, poor, and uninfluential.

Unlike the minorities of Iraq proper, the minorities of Mosul offer a definite political problem. With regard to the peaceful, prosperous, town and plain-dwelling Christians, members of the Jacobite and the two Uniat sects, hard-working and enterprising though they are, they are unwarlike and somewhat cowardly, and have never, in the past, given any offence to the Turks or the indigenous Moslem majority for which they might fear reprisals. Indeed, the relations subsisting between Moslem and Christian are generally most cordial. But even here there is a latent fire, to the existence of which the writer, who was present during the rising of 1920, can testify. In the mountains, however, the racial, or sectarian, problem is clamant. The two minority sects concerned are the Nestorians, or Assyrians, and the Yezidis. Both are fierce and warlike, both have lived for centuries in a constant state of defensive and even offensive feud with their Kurdish and Arab neighbours. Both have suffered untold persecution and massacre, and the Assyrians, during the war, openly espoused the Allied cause after "Jihad" had been proclaimed and after many of them had been massacred in the Bashgala—Diza area, Both acclaimed the fall of Mosul to the British as the

beginning of a new day, and both have supplied bodies of troops which have been the backbone of the military forces of Iraq. Britain has often been accused of deserting her friends in their hour of need; may she never justify the charge by abandoning these two humble, helpless friends to the vengeance of their age-long foes, or to the vindictive persecution of the successors to the Turkish misrule against which they took their stand, utterly burning their boats. Recently, just prior to the fixing of the provisional frontier of Iraq and Turkey by the council of the League of Nations, the Nestorian Assyrians were in trouble again with trans-frontier tribes and Turkish irregular troops. It is not suggested that the Assyrians are always innocent of aggression, but the fact that thousands of them came flying down once again to Mosul as refugees, suggests what would be their fate should Turkish rule once more return. They, at least, are under no delusions, and should the Turks determine upon a similar policy to that which they have employed with the Christian minorities of Asia Minor, the horrors of the Greek refugee problem would be utterly eclipsed, and this devoted people would march through the Valley of the Shadow for the second time in a decade, once again homeless refugees.

It seems unlikely that the regeneration of the Land of the Two Rivers will come from the Arab element, for the Arabs of Iraq seem a decadent people. Since the decay of the Abbasid Caliphate, in the middle of the ninth century A.D., no great Iraqi name has arisen, except the famous Saladin, who died in A.D. 1193, and he was a Kurd. There is no great compelling religious impetus such as the Wahhabi movement which has produced Abd-ul-Aziz ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, and the greatest man in all Arabia. The tribes are notoriously unstable as water, and the town families of the Ashraf are rent by faction and petty self-seeking. The Hashimite house, though producing able men, does not seem to produce great ones. It would require a very dominating Sunni personality to receive wholehearted allegiance from the Shi'ahs, and the converse is equally true. It has been said that the Arabs are a "male" race, that is to say, that, of themselves, they produce nothing. But history has shown that they have an extraordinary faculty of fertilizing other races, so

that, when brought in contact with them, great civilizations are the result. When they came into contact with the Persians, the outcome was the glorious age of Harun al Rashid, when, with the Berbers and Spaniards, the glories of Andalusia were the result, and so forth. Following this line of thought, is it not at least a feasible suggestion that the salvation of the land should come from the junction of its two great elements, the Arab and the Kurd, so that perhaps another Saladin might arise? A man who could weld his country into a united whole; a man of really great personality, for it is that alone which counts in the East, and such men of personality as exist at present seem to be employed entirely in furthering their own, purely personal, interests.

The Kurds possess racial characteristics which show a marked difference to those of the Arabs. They are dour, where the Arab is vivacious. Their method of warfare is the ambush rather than the raid. They show artistic and creative ability and, as an instance of this, one may mention the carpets which are woven in their villages, and that in the neighbourhood of Sulaimania there has existed, for over thirty years, a factory producing modern breech-loading rifles copied from well-known western patterns, the Kurds being armed with these weapons since the latter part of the last century, when the Arab tribesmen of the western desert were still armed with muzzle-loading flintlocks. The comparatively slow-thinking mind of the Kurd often appears to exhibit stupidity when compared to the quick intelligence of the Arab. It is certain that, morally, the life of the Kurd is generally a clean and straightforward one. He drinks not at all, while the town Arab, and particularly the Christian, is often a degenerate toper. He has never, at least within recent years, been brought under effective control; like the proverbial Irishman, he has always been "agin the Government." As a comment upon the words of those who consider that the Arab race has had its day, there is the observation that the Kurdish race still has its day to come. They are at present wild and uneducated, but, given *suitable* education and careful guidance, they can become a very substantial element in the population. One thing is certain, the Kurd is no degenerate.

IRAQ—MOSUL

The British nation has become responsible for placing this dual land under one realm and one crown. The Turks of Angora have, at Lausanne and elsewhere, laid claim to the northern province. Ethnically and geographically their claims are not worthy of consideration. There remains only the self-determination angle from which to regard the subject. The report of the League of Nations Commission has shed little light upon the issue. Doubtless, the jumble of impressions received was so chaotic that to form a decision was impossible. The plain ethics of the case is whether or not the Turkish claim was justified by the will of the inhabitants, quite irrespective of any question of political expediency, or as to the period of Britain's mandate. The recommendation as to a boundary between the two areas, that of the Lesser Zab, is truly amazing, for it leaves within Iraq the only considerable pro-Turkish district in the country, that of the large Turcoman town of Kirkuk, while the purely Arab town of Mosul itself would become Turkish!

The truth is that this land is one and indivisible, its dualities, so apparently contrasting, are really complementary. The severance of one from the other would be a terrible blow to both. In this ancient land the British race and the League of Nations have, in partnership, undertaken a political experiment. May they have the wisdom and the resolution to see it through to a successful conclusion!

This subject is also dealt with in our Current Comments.

France and Security

By T. Kerr Ritchie

In France, as all over the civilized world to-day, there is a profound detestation of war as conceived and developed by the modern mind. The bull in the china shop, even where the best Dresden ware is sold, does not appeal to the Frenchman's ordered intellect any more than the first British tank appealed to the intellect of the first German machine-gun corporal who saw it come slippering down on him and his gun-crew. The trouble is that there are tanks, machine-guns, gases, aeroplanes, china shops, and—Human Beings.

In every country there is a plethora of Samuel Butlers endowed with wonderful visions of peace and world progress leading nowhere. The strangest thing about these people—they are slightly more prominent in Russia than elsewhere—is that they would smash everything piecemeal as a preliminary step to peace.

This preliminary goose-step, vaguely called "smashing the Capitalist," or "relegating all the products of our modern minds to the scrapheap," is a wondrous example of the gullibility of man. To imagine that the human mind is gifted with such powers that it can plan and shape a whole world in itself when, as we know, the human mind cannot make a flea; to imagine that human beings are all a species of Christianized Greek gods willing to work for the community on a Socialistic treadmill, when most of them would rather smoke a pipe, go trout-fishing, or write volumes on "Recommendations Concerning the Development of Facilities for the Utilization of Workers' Spare Time"; to imagine that progress consists only in reducing everyone to the simplest, commonest semblance of a denominator; are these vapourings not fitter for dark cells in Bedlam than for the freedom of God's fresh air?

These same camp followers of Butler are divided among themselves. They preach on all and every occasion for universal peace, though assuredly it is not a sign of wisdom to usher that goddess into being with another and greater war. Probably honest Bunyan understood the type when he depicted Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

We all agree that modern war is much worse than any

hell imagined in human or Christian story, and, say our modern peacemongers, what greater evil can befall a people than war? Does not the Italian expert on the nether regions say somewhere:

> These things alone
> Are to be feared whence Evil may proceed
> None else, for none are terrible beside.

Unfortunately, Dante, according to Voltaire, is chiefly read because he puts Popes into hell. But then, he was an Italian, and Italians are rather like quicksilver, they do not form a useful mental barometer unless they are enclosed in a glass tube. It is with a Frenchman that we arrive at a saner view. That ancient mayor of Bordeaux who declared that: "In truth whoever would take away the knowledge and sense of evil, would at the same time eradicate the sense of pleasure, and finally annihilate man himself." Are Montaigne's words not worth pondering over in these days of the world drive for the peace phœnix—or is it a dodo? Are we divinely gifted enough to judge whether war is really an evil? The Florentine himself remarks:

> Not seldom, brother, it hath chanced for men
> To do what they had gladly left undone
> Yet to shun peril, they have done amiss.

There is an Oriental phrase that the fear of the inevitable approach of death is an European malady, and shunning peril is the modern white man's fetish. He lives in an atmosphere of safety first. An atmosphere composed of traffic boards, trade boards, medical boards, international labour boards, and international peace boards. A chaotic wilderness of boards scattered about, all supposed to shelter him from the weather, though how they are to do it without any nails would puzzle a greater than Solomon. Would men and women not be infinitely better off if they had no boards and lived wholly in the open air? Is Nature not always the great mother, a mother who fights and commands, as well as loves and obeys? Our modern democratic society has a penchant for Jean Jacques Rousseau, that weird genius, who, though he lived some time among the grandiose mountains of Savoy, reduced Nature into a caricature of the gardens

of Versailles, and had about as much notion of motherhood or friendship as any St. Simeon Stylites on top of a pillar making love to Syrian mosquitoes.

Leaving aside international socialistic world-welfare tea-parties, let us consider this official international labour organization now in full transcendental travail. This Labour Bureau at Geneva, whereunto peacefully-minded British civilians contribute some £100,000 per annum in their search for a job and roof over their heads, and whereunto our friends, the Germans, wisely contribute nothing except promises. Here is a medley of all the jolly sea-dogs from the Irish FreeState, Roumania, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Czecho-Slovakia, who calmly sit down and make rules regarding the conditions of employment in the British mercantile marine, or—among French glass-workers at Tulle. Visualize this fourteenth-century bookshop set up in the town of Jean Jacques issuing a voluminous epic on "Ability in Typewriting in Relation to Vocational Guidance," and another on "Industrial Life in Russia," containing material "derived from Soviet sources." Think on a sober-minded citizen of Dayton, Ohio, or Auckland, New Zealand, or Srinagar, Kashmir, devoting his spare time to learning French in order to peruse the marvellous "Report of an Inquiry into Production," which no sane Frenchman would waste time in considering. Let us consider this astonishing organization, and let us pray for a stout scaffolding to hang our would-be legislators on, as the Locrians did in Greece some centuries ago.

To disentangle his mind from this fetid atmosphere of supermen modern man might do worse than acquire the sense of flight, and voyage about alone in an aeroplane. Then he would see the peace landscape in a better proportion. The landscape as viewed from the air would appear in larger detail, and it is precisely this largeness of view which is pitifully lacking in our mundane peace enthusiasts. We are apt to view the world too much from the standpoint of multitudinous main streets. We are apt to think that Tibetan lamas, Arabian sheiks, Chinese mandarins, or Indian fakirs are all imbued with the same idea of universal peace as we are. Certainly it is nerve-wracking for the novice to fly an aeroplane

through dank clouds, and not be able to see his hands on the joy-stick. But there is a feeling of genuine satisfaction on emerging to find that the solid earth still extends down below. It is extremely questionable if our embryo peace pilots—if they could pierce the clouds which surround them—would emerge on an even keel, because any person of average intelligence can see that the peace aeroplane has not been modelled, much less made. The peace aeroplane is not an object of struts, dihedral angle, wires, and internal combustion engine; it is largely formed out of the aspirations of human beings, and it cannot fly because the wires want tuning up. In other words, the mental attitude of mankind is not attuned to peace. The human mind at perfect peace would be a negation. It would be entirely unhuman—not to say unhumane.

Men, women, and children exist in this world of joy and sorrow through effort, through a continuous fight against wild Nature. A fight which brings forth the greatest and noblest qualities of humanity. Abolish this universal battle and the perfect Nowhere would be attained! Has European civilization so failed that it desires to attain a realization of some Asiatic Buddhistic Nirvana?

This is a materialistic age which has more possibilities for right-thinking idealism than any other. If the idealism be consistent with history and not extravagance running amuck. Peace? Where do we see the beginnings of peace? In the growth of modern aviation, wireless, cinemas, television, and other developments—aided strangely by the "Last Great War"? Human understanding is only possible through human education and communication. When the most baffling barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding have been broken down, then we will be on the threshold of peace. Any attempts we make at driving the peace phœnix with the help of an inchoate mass of villagers armed with batons of papier mâché are doomed to failure.

Our so-called International Law is largely bunkum where it has been placed on record. Bunkum which in the last war—e.g. the Declaration of London—caused the loss of more lives and more suffering than any Lewis

automatic guns. Bunkum which never stopped to ask an ordinary Tommy Atkins or Poilu, in 1915, how he liked the nice, new, clean, white cotton German sandbags opposite, or whether he preferred being disembowelled by a Jack Johnson, or gassed by an evil smell. Bunkum, which in peace—in a world where a Chinaman can live on twopence a day and work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four—is likely to cause this same Poilu or Tommy Atkins the loss of his overmuch-valued standard of living in cottonwool, and force him to do without gaspers on the score of economy, individual, national, and international. Infinitely more important, this safety first will destroy European civilization by erecting European tyranny. Are these statements absolute nonsense and exaggeration? The answer is extremely simple. Cultivate a little of the sense of flight, look round and see.

French people are often regarded as impractical idealists, who have a penchant for gazing at the stars, exclaiming "Figurez-vous!" or "Par exemple!" and thereby falling into the muddy waters of Revolution. But we question if there is a nation in Europe which has its feet better planted on good solid earth than this same French nation. No important body of opinion in France to-day believes with M. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne, that "la France ne peut avoir de sécurité que dans une fédération Européanne faisant partie de la Société des Nations." An attentive study of French opinion on war and security leads one inevitably to the conclusion that M. Painlevé expresses it better when he says "Tout en nourrisant l'ardente espérance de n'avoir jamais a s'en servir, la France, dans l'intérêt même de la paix, est obligée de maintenir sur ses flancs une cuirasse chaque jour retrempée."

A miserable tribe of caterans in an obscure corner of Africa have small respect for a League of Nations, yet they will doubtless learn to have some respect for this same French cuirasse. Surprising as it may seem to our milk-blooded League of Nations enthusiasts, there are mad dogs all over the world who only fear the lash of the stronger. Indeed they are so completely mad that they prefer that whip to any importation of white man's

civilization in the form of a democratic state, and I am not sure that they may not be right. After all they have truth on their side, according to the reasonings of democracy, as they are the vast majority of human beings inhabiting this planet in the year 1925.

Let us suppose, for a minute, this whip was given into the hands of some body seated by the lake of Geneva. Would it deal with turbulent Riffians as expeditiously as a Marshal Pétain? Would it not rather spend months deciding on the question of intervention, in learned correspondence with Mohammedan powers, such as the Turkish President or the Nizam of Hyderabad, as to the legitimacy of Abd-el-Kerim's proclamation of a "jihad" or Holy War? After some more months or years the international army would get down to brass tacks—if the Annamite corporal had not stolen the Kaffir sergeant's mealies in the meantime and thereby caused a mutiny —and do exactly what the French Army is doing now. Would that be International Law? What is the difference between war conducted by a nation, and war conducted by various nations in an allied union? Was the last great war not a humane spectacle played by a League of Nations (Allies) with the aid of one Riffian tribe (Germany)?

The fact is that peace is not going to be brought nearer by a quorum of different national personalities or professors, generally speaking different tongues and brought up by different mothers, or by none at all. In a multitude of counsellors there is always room for the eternal Pontius Pilate, not to speak of Judas Iscariot, and history does not show that wisdom comes from the multitude with their shouts of "Crucify Him!" Rather has wisdom arrived from individuals.

Is it wisdom to have a European League of Nations as a final tribunal for all the appeals of humanity? Is the task not over grand in conception and far beyond the powers of man? Napoleon tells us somewhere that "the desire of perfection is the worst disease of the human mind." Any philosopher can maintain in these modern days that everywhere there is life there is war, and also that one cannot conceive of universal peace save under the form of a universal despotism curbing all mankind

and womankind under the same oppression. As it was in the time of Augustus Cæsar, so it is to-day.

Any living nation has the right to protect itself against other nations she may regard as possible aggressors. France would, indeed, have her head in the stars if she thought otherwise than that Germany was still a prospective enemy. To guard against that enemy for military purposes, according to the dictum of the greatest living soldier, it is necessary that she hold fast to the bridgeheads of the Rhine. Why should she not? Is her hand on the Rhine strangling the universal peace aspirations of Germany? German national pride considers itself slighted by having a foreign power controlling her frontiers. Would German national pride not also be hurt if a League of Nations militia was to patrol her territory? Is it not exactly this same species of legitimate national pride which makes an International League of Nations absurd and impossible? Does any reasonable body of opinion in the world to-day think that France has aggressive designs on Germany?

The truth of the matter is that both Germany and France, in common with all the nations in the League of Nations, are forced to guard against each other, and no amount of ink-slinging or speechifying will change that mentality one iota. Neither French, German, nor any other opinion is ripe for a veritable international *entente*. These things are not made, they grow. Surrounded like a modern Siegfried in a ring of fire, Germany can still make overtures to a Russian bear growling in his icy cavern, and Germany can still rest as powerful in 1926 as in 1914. All these nations will palaver and chicane till the crack of doom unless something occurs to unify their aspirations. Is that something not now in sight? Will it not consist in the Russian, having turned Tartar, joining the other Tartars and giving us all a dose of tartaric acid? There are strange possibilities in this world, and it is not for mankind to dismiss them idly.

French opinion sees clearly that the word disarmament is largely a snare. In this twentieth century, as in all ages, the turning of ploughshares into swords is a comparatively simple business. If the Egyptian fellaheen takes the wooden soc of his most ancient plough and hits

the Soudanese merchant on the head with it, he commits an act of war. In the same way, the contents of a German poison factory dropped wilfully from a Gotha passenger plane on the Rue de la Paix constitutes an act of war. In neither of these cases can we say that disarmament was enforced. No French opinion can keep Germans from practising gymnastics, rook-shooting, dabbling in chemicals, chanting "Deutschland Über Alles," or experimenting with wireless. All have warlike possibilities. It is one of the most astonishing ideas of our present-day safety-first people that disarmament can be secured by destroying cannon, battering down obsolete fortresses, and generally taking away toys not fit for naughty children. If all else is lost a nation can go to war with its bare fists and hunger in its heart. *Dieu protégé le Droit.* That any European nation to-day will consent to total disarmament is not only the opium dream of a peace-monger, not only an impossibility, but a direct incitement to war. As we have said, we exist only on this earth by struggle and combat, one with another, nation against nation, and race against race. This struggle may be disguised under the names of political supremacy, commercial supremacy, financial supremacy, or any other, but it is war, not peace. Any disarmed nation in Europe would fall a prey to some other nation sooner or later. If all the European nations, by some manifest miracle, were to destroy any and every possibility of defence which they possessed, they would find themselves governed by one-legged, one-armed Hottentots, Dyaks, or Moplahs. As Gustave le Bon remarks: "Le désarmement réclame est donc tout à fait illusoire. Il est utile, cependant, de le poursuivre pour calmer les craintes populaires."

To preserve unity in the French nation as, indeed, in any other, all political parties which divide the State must unite against a common enemy. Otherwise there is no national sentiment. As a family or a clan hangs together against other families or clans the French nation hangs together against other nations. That doctrine may be obscurely hidden in a multitude of words, but it is the basis of French nationality. I venture to say it is the basis of any nationality whatsoever. During the late war the salient fact which emerged was that small

nations—whose existence had fallen into oblivion—became imbued again with their old national characteristics simply because they found again an enemy. The Scotsman skirled his bagpipes, the Welshman planted leeks, the Irishman twirled his blackthorn, and the Pole played his piano.

To undermine this spirit of nationality is supposed by pacifists to be the shortest path to internationalism, to a wider vision of humanity. Like all our modern extremists these internationalists are attached wholly to abstract ideas on governments, Communism, or that ilk. As yet they have not realized that their ideas are only misconceptions. Oriental abstractions in a world of experience, experiments, and reality. The first railway line across the American Continent changed the western hemisphere more than any declaration of independence. The first air-line between Paris and London has begun to do more for the true spirit of internationalism than all the vapourings of Karl Marx or any declaration of the rights of man. A decent British cinema film, made with regard to Indian taste, and exhibited in Bombay, Nagpur, or Peshawar, would do more for British rule in India than a dozen Montagu reports. Television photos of a Lieutenant Dubois holding a fort against some Riffians would reduce extremists in the French Chamber to tears, and elicit only cries of "Vive la France!"

"Trois jours, leur dit Colomb, et je vous donne un monde." These modern French pacifists desire a world in three hours. Like Columbus they are largely in the dark as to where they really are heading for, and will probably reach a penal settlement in Cayenne, thinking they have arrived in the spicy island of Ceylon. They are entirely oblivious of progress except as discussed in International Socialistic Sunday-school socials. The sort of progress which puzzles how three turnips can grow in place of one without taking into account phosphates, plant-breeding, the landowner's taxes, or any other real earthly consideration. The identical progress which gives us a volume on "Recommendations Concerning the Development of Facilities for the Utilization of Workers' Spare Time" without a word as to the cost.

Victor Hugo writes of "une chose qui fumait et

clapotait sur la Seine avec le bruit d'un chien qui nage, allait et venait sous les fenêtres de Tuilleries, du pont Royal au pont Louis XV; c'etait une méchanique bonne a pas grand'chose, une espéce de joujou, une réverie d'inventeur songereux, une Utopie; un bateau a vapeur. Les Parisiens regardaient cette inutilité avec indifférence." Victor Hugo lived to see this Utopia develop into a world force, but he did not live long enough to realize its effects. Have our modern victors in the art of dividing class against class any realization of the ultimate effects of television? Or will they always look at the world through an old-fashioned Galileo telescope, and under the torture of their straining minds proclaim it to be flat?

France knows the value of friendships, and, like any clear-headed citizen, makes friends with people who are likely to be helpful. She is not like the long-haired poet in Fleet Street who dismisses editors as being fools, and sleeps chilly of nights in a Rowton House. The poet may be a genius, and all the editors may be absolute nincompoops as far as understanding his wares is concerned, but the probabilities are that the editors are right, because this is a world of realities, and not an Elysian shade for a host of rascally François Villons. Thus, France believes in supporting these little States left hanging in mid-air between the Scylla of Germany and the Charybdis of Russia; they may be useful little duffers or buffers. After all, do they not help to control a possible German-Russian alliance?

Is a State like Poland given justice by a League of Nations which refuses her sovereignty of Danzig? A League of Nations which refuses to assure that Poland should have "free and secure access to the sea" (*vide* Point 13 of the Wilson points, January, 1918). Is it against the interest of civilization that this Danzig should be an integral part of Poland, lying, as it does, at the mouth of Poland's river, the Vistula? In that concrete case we see how far international professors can go in emulating some students of peace at the college of Laputa. Why does not the ancient town of Greenock declare itself a free city, and tax all the shipping coming down the Clyde from Glasgow? Why do Manchester cotton goods make use of the canal to Liverpool? Can the

Liverpudlian not declare for a free city and impose a tax on Manchester goods for the benefit of the new Liverpool Cathedral? What if Manchester cotton goods had to be exported by the Kyle of Lochalsh, as the cotton goods of Lodz, the Manchester of Poland, have to be exported by the German port of Bremen? Are the Irish not a nation and numerous on the banks of the Clyde or the Mersey? History? Yes, let us retrograde and hand over Constantinople again to the Greeks, or should it go to the town of York where Constantine was born? Such arguments should cause the Five Sisters in York Cathedral to shiver into fragments at the depths of foolishness in the modern human mind.

In most respects the problem of French security is exactly the problem of British security. The only difference is that British overseas dominions have not been educated to understand that the Rhine or the Vistula are just as important to their well-being as Singapore or Esquimault. And the British village politician engaged in cementing Empire with every kind of cement save a practical glue, engaged at the same time in a contest with the United States of America as to how many dollars make a pony, has no patience with European pillowfights in the Continental bedroom, and would fain hand these affairs over to a League of Nations.

No Frenchman wants Germany isolated from the rest of the world, but being a Frenchman he is determined to remain so. No German wants France isolated from the rest of the world, but being a German he is determined to remain so. Here there is manifest agreement, and it is clearly for the interest of the rest of the world to see that they both remain Frenchmen and Germans. Can that little conundrum not be solved without bothering about any League of Nations?

To-day there is infinite palavering as to unilateral, bilingual, or quadrangular alliances. There are no such things in the world of reality. Alliances are only possible among friends. If a nation takes an enemy to its bosom then it can safely say with Cleopatra:

> Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
> Immortal longings in me . . . .

France sees clearly she has two enemies in present-day

Europe, one is Germany, the other is Russia. Does enlightened British opinion not see the same thing? Yet British politicians think they have done a wonderful feat in agreeing to a French-English pact, proposed by Germany herself, which only partially confirms the Treaty of Versailles signed by Germany some years ago. The lion, the lamb, and the donkey will all lie down with each other, and will depend on a League of Nations to see the stable floors are kept clean with Condy's fluid, and that no cause for mutual irritation exists. A League which has not the gumption to settle the affairs of some crotchety burghers in a free city called Danzig.

France will accept this solution. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and Frenchmen know on which side their bread is buttered. At the same time intelligent French opinion has no faith in a League of Nations as a final arbiter, any more than in German scraps of paper. And it behoves the British Continental pilot to keep his weather-eye lifting and see that his main skysail is not idly flapping in this long reach to windward. Because the real port of peace is afar off, and not in some mountain-locked canoe anchorage on Lac Leman.

Modern European democratic States, in conformity with their idealistic daydreams of 1918, are pursuing a suicidal policy. Diminishing armaments in this present-day world is not a wise method of insurance. Seeing peril everywhere and hiding one's head in the sand is the game of an ostrich, not that of a white man. The individualism of the white race is being sternly crushed under our conception of the modern democratic State. The rulers of these States are only politicians who have other politicians on their backs to bite them. No national politician can rise above the interests of the nation he represents, he cannot stand for European interests any more than world interests. We do see a hope in the diffusion of international opinion and inventions. We do see that if the white man holds fast to science, which has brought him where he is, he will in the end vanquish. But his science must not be obscured by Oriental imaginings regarding life on this planet, and his nations all want strong men to save them from the lotus eaters of Geneva.

Parnell and Afterwards

By William O'Brien

PARNELL, who died thirty-five years ago the most forlorn of men, has survived as the most commanding figure of his day unto a generation who have begun to forget his adversaries—perhaps the very greatest of them as well as the small ones. He looms large in the affairs of these two countries after the Irish Party who consented to dethrone him have worse than ceased to exist, and the British Party, who blundered into ordering his dethronement, are in little better case. And one of "The Curiosities of Politics" is that Mr. St. John Ervine's hero a hero will remain for wholly different reasons from those which are attracting a considerable number of the public to read his book.* He moulded one English Party after another to the acceptance of a programme which, when he began, was, in the eyes of the average Briton, Whig or Tory, a black crime against the Empire. It was Parnell who really repealed Pitt's Act of Union, against which O'Connell had raged for half a century as vainly as the Atlantic foam against his Kerry cliffs. However devoutly Britons may pray to be delivered from any further island noises from beyond the Irish Sea, they cannot hope to escape from the new problems presented by the dismemberment of Ireland, and these problems would never have arisen if Parnell had been listened to, and if the Home Rule settlement had been effected under his master hand, instead of waiting to be fixed up by the rude diplomacy of insurrection.

The pity is that while he grows and grows in bulk, it is not the true Parnell, but a phantasy of the book-writers that bemuses the honest Briton. His latest biographer, brilliant in the display of his dramatic gifts, distinguishes himself still more by a profound unacquaintance with his original in which there are few to whom

* "Parnell." By St. John Ervine. London: Benn, 1925. 12s. 6d. net.

he need yield. His narrative is for much the greater part a more richly seasoned *réchauffé* of the out-of-date scribblings of book makers, some of whom never laid their eyes on Parnell, and none of whom assuredly shared an hour of his political intimacy. We have Parnell's small jokes about the unluckiness of the colour green, and his horror of travelling in a railway compartment numbered thirteen, or any multiple of thirteen, reheated as though a crank or a madman lurked somewhere in the background of an intellect that used the most robustly-minded of British Ministers as his pawns, and made the House of Commons his footstool. The Man of Mystery, of course, reappears in his most fetching cloak and conspiratorial whisper, although anybody who was on more than nodding terms with Parnell could have told the author that he was the least theatrical of men and the least greedy of self-advertisement. I, for one, never saw him in a theatre, and neither, I suspect, did anybody else, except in the one recorded instance of Mrs. O'Shea; he never courted a newspaper, and was so insensible to the arts now represented by the Kodak or the kinema, before which no King or Prime Minister dares veil his face, that he did the world the real wrong of evading the request for a sitting for an immortal picture or sculpture at the hands of the most renowned of the Victorian men of genius; the only mystery he practised was the endeavour to conceal his address, which was one of his shrewd precautions against assassination as well as a defence, such as it was, against the blackmailers and the newspaper moralists, who thought it decent to spy upon his private life. Whatever he achieved, he achieved not by the pitiful thaumaturgy of the mystery-man, but with weapons of honest steel, by force of strong psychic vision of his purposes, and a pertinacity which nothing could daunt and no bribe could buy off except some solid concession for his country; this bribe he never hesitated to accept, however unideal a concession it might seem—for the moment.

The Divorce Court is naturally a precious "property" in a drama of this type. It need only be observed here that the Irish people have long agreed to avert their eyes from the nauseous adventure with the O'Sheas as the

morbid consequence of a craving for womanly companionship in an immeasurably lonely life, and want to hear no more of how Parnell became entangled in the affairs of that miserable household beyond what we know from the astounding confession of the heroine as to how and why she first sought him out in the House of Commons. There is another matter which they will less easily forgive. One cannot help regretting that Mr. St. John Ervine should have disfigured what his severest critics will own to be a pretty piece of dramatic literature by burrowing so largely for his "copy" amidst the private afflictions of a family famed for centuries of benevolent and incorruptible devotion to Ireland.

The Irish Parliamentary Party are fairer game—"the Seceders" and "the Irish Wolves" of Mr. St. John Ervine's most flaming pages. It is all the easier for them to be more tolerant of his fanciful descriptions of their chief and themselves than Mr. St. John Ervine finds it possible to be towards his own countrymen, because they know he writes of another man and another world than those who knew Parnell ever came to know. The sparse survivors of the Parnell Party of the unpaid years of calumny and stress have a comforting suspicion that their dead comrades and themselves will be judged by those whose judgment counts to have been—human frailty apart—as disinterested, as heroically disciplined and as successful a young soldier band as any ever vouchsafed to a nation which could make no return except one of affection for their pay. They will be able to read with a smile the latest re-edition of the familiar compliments to their quarrelsomeness, their bad language, and their mercenary ingratitude during the years of mortal struggle when they were sacrificing their all to attest the faith of Ireland in the honour of English allies, but for the clumsiness and uncandour of one of whom, it is now known and on his own authority, the Parnell split would never have taken place. The consequence of being obliged to paint Parnell as the play-actor he most certainly never was, and the author's own blissful ignorance of the whole subject, is that Mr. St. John Ervine sat down to write his drama, as he naïvely confesses, ready to write him down a hero or a villain. All his readers will rise

with an overwhelming sense of Parnell's greatness, but in some bewilderment whether to believe, with Mr. St. John Ervine, that he played a god-like Paris to a particularly odious Menelaus, or whether the usually benign critic of the *Times Literary Supplement* is right in finding in him (it is actually so written !) "a monster," or, whether again, both may not be equally astray in their conception of the authentic Parnell, and are not rather dealing with stage-craft than with sober history.

The real objection to the book is that Mr. St. John Ervine either ignores, or has never heard of, the revelation which has revolutionized the whole story of the responsibility for the Parnell split. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" he has read and quotes from, but his pages give no evidence that he ever heard tell of Viscount Morley's "Recollections," divulging the facts which were somehow omitted from the "Life of Gladstone," but which give us the true master-key of the Parnell tragedy. It seems incredible, but the fact stands, that while the dainty dishes of Committee Room 15 are served up in all their spicy nastiness from debates which were in far the greater degree solemn and creditable, there is not a word of the episode which set Committee Room 15 going. It was the "nullity of leadership" passage in the Gladstone manifesto which undoubtedly at one and the same time infuriated the Parnellites with the cry of "English dictation," and seemed for the moment completely to justify "the Seceders," and Mr. St. John Ervine apparently has no inkling of the truth that, as all readers of the "Recollections" now know, both of them were equally right and equally wrong, through no fault of their own. All that it is necessary to recall here, and upon Morley's own authority, is that (1) Gladstone's genuine judgment was: "I think it plain that we have nothing to say and nothing to do in the matter. . . . It was wholly the business of Ireland," and in reply to the electioneering exhortation of the sainted Harcourt that "the party would expect" a major excommunication of Parnell with bell, book, and candlelight, he cried out: "What ! Because a man is what is called leader of a party, does that constitute him a judge and accuser of faith and morals ? I will not accept it. It would make

life intolerable." That (2) after Gladstone had been bulldozed (there is no other word for it) into writing that the retention of Parnell would reduce his own leadership to nullity, he deliberately struck the passage out upon second thought, and only consented to restore it at the dictation of Morley standing over his chair, the rest of his cabinet colleagues being present, but being kept in the dark until Morley had carried off the manuscript thus doctored to the Press and thrown the Irish and English worlds into a blaze; that (3) upon the first awful rumours of the publication reaching the unfortunate Irish members they "came in much excitement to my (dinner) table to know if the story of the letter was true, and, above all, if Mr. Gladstone had really said, *and really meant it*, that he would withdraw from the leadership"; and the man, who was trusted as the Irish members' surest ally, far from avowing, as he did twenty-seven years after, that "the story of the letter" was "*not* true," dismissed them with this heartless comment: "I said very little and begged them to get the letter itself from the reporters. Tremendous sensation and panic among the Irishmen all night." It would doubtless be an insult to suggest that if Mr. St. John Ervine's eye had fallen upon confessions such as these he would have suppressed them in order to be free to advance the extraordinary proposition: "and so this imperious man fell, not before the English wolves, but before the wolves of Ireland."

N'insistons pas. The incident will doubtless receive further elucidation from the stores of still unused information in the possession of General Morgan and of Mr. Gardiner, the biographer of Harcourt. Few men of reflection, who are not as innocent as Mr. St. John Ervine of any knowledge of Morley's "Recollections," will henceforth be in much doubt that, if he had been as frank in his dealings with the Irish members on that night as he is in his autobiography, the Irish Party would never have been split, and the Liberal Party never condemned to share its fate. My present object is less to endeavour to correct Mr. St. John Ervine's misconceptions of the men and of the events he is dealing with than to make my own humble contribution to the all-but-wholly-unknown evidence of the comparative ease with

which a calamity, the extent of which is only now beginning to be understood in the two countries, might have been avoided, even after the Gladstone manifesto and the Parnell retort had done their first maddening work, and while we were still left uninformed, and, indeed, misinformed, concerning what the world now knows to be the most vital factor in compelling the Parnell split.

I can only speak at first hand for the six Delegates of the Irish Party whom the explosion in Committee Room 15 found marooned on a lecturing tour in the United States; two of us being debarred, in addition, from landing in Ireland or England by unpurged sentences of six months' imprisonment. It would be nonsense to pretend that our decision was produced by the repulsive adventure with the O'Sheas with which the audience in Mr. St. John Ervine's dress circle are so richly entertained. The Irish people's abhorrence of sexual immorality was no more in question than was that of the people of England when they permitted Lady Hamilton's Nelson to win the battle of Trafalgar as their Lord High Admiral. Our action was inspired by an overwhelming sense of the interests of a country for which the destruction or the fruition of the hopes of forty years of direst suffering was at stake.

It was not even the news, heavy as would be the blow, that Gladstone was about to disappear, unless Parnell consented to be the first to make the sacrifice, that in itself could have decided us; it was the impossibility of identifying ourselves with the imputations of treachery and personal dishonesty on the part of Gladstone and Morley in Parnell's manifesto which we believed in our souls to be atrociously unjust, but as to which one of these two men has since made it clear Parnell was not the only or even the worst sinner.

If the representations on which the American Delegates acted were well founded, viz. that Parnell's re-election on the morrow of the proceedings in the Divorce Court must involve the instant disappearance of Gladstone and Home Rule—we should have no apology to make to our own consciences, much less elsewhere, for our action. We were on the eve of a General Election, which no party doubted must return a Liberal Home Rule Government

to power by a majority not far from 150. The Home Rule majority was 42, even after Ireland had been torn for two years with the convulsions of the Parnell split, and the Liberal Party scarcely less weakened by the disloyal intrigues against Gladstone and his Irish commitments. Mr. Balfour had shot his last bolt, and was, in the eyes of all men, overthrown. The people of Britain were yearning for a chance of crowning Gladstone's last days with triumph for the Irish policy which, thirty years later, Unionists, Liberals, and Labourites were to unite to force upon Ireland, although the belated concession was to be accompanied by a new affront to Irish sentiment from which the Home Rule of Gladstone-cum-Parnell would have spared us. It has now been found out, on the best of all British authorities on the subject, that we pronounced without a full knowledge of the facts—one shrinks from the suggestion of a downright falsification of the facts. Gladstone's abandonment of the leadership, with which the world was ringing, was a false alarm. The great old man's decision, so long as it was his own, was in a diametrically opposite direction. There was only one man from whom the unimaginable story of how the Gladstone manifesto was concocted would have been credible, and that was John Morley—a *preux chevalier* more stainless than Gladstone himself in Irish eyes—but his was the representation on which a generation of men were led blindfolded. It is certain that if the American Delegates could have read the Irish pages of the "Recollections" that night in Chicago, not one of them would have put his signature to their deed of separation from Parnell. It is nearly as certain that if the unfortunate Irish members who importuned their trustiest English friend at the Harcourt dinner table for some news of their fate could only have guessed the secret of his reticence, the requisition calling the panic-stricken meeting to rescind Parnell's re-election would not have received the signature of a single man of the eighty-four members and split there could have been none.

All was not even yet lost. The obvious sense of the situation, were we free men, would be to postpone any pronouncement of our own, and advise the Irish Party to suspend all controversy until the American Delegates

should have had time to return home and take counsel with their colleagues. Such a message may seem a little high-and-mighty in the eyes of a new generation, who are quite incapable of measuring the strength of the forces then on the brink of conflict; but nobody who lived in those times, and few who will take the pains of examining contemporary evidence, will doubt that such a request from the American Delegates at that moment would have been received with respect and relief by both sections of a Party still uncommitted by a vote, and would in any case be insisted upon with practical unanimity by a race hungering of all things for the preservation of national unity. Whatever subsequent years of misunderstanding and obloquy did to divide us and to eat away the influence of both of us, it is not vanity, but elementary truth, to claim that Mr. Dillon and I represented at that hour in the eyes of our countrymen the national fighting force—and the only active fighting force—which for the previous five years had grappled with and got the better of the coercive power of England under the most dreaded of her proconsuls. Had we been at liberty to exert ourselves in the council chamber of the Party and on the platforms of the country, the advice we might ultimately find reason to formulate would have been quite certainly endorsed by Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh, who had not yet spoken, and strengthened by Parnell's conviction that at all events my own conclusion, whatever it might be, would be free from any bias except that of affectionate tenderness for his own greatness, and the advice must have ended by prevailing in Ireland and amongst all those British Liberals who were not already welcoming the occasion as one for shuffling off Gladstone and Home Rule in shuffling off Parnell. The American Delegates, even only counting heads, would have been all but numerous enough to turn the scale if it had to come to be a question of ascertaining the majority in a division.

But we were not free. We were more effectually shackled than Mr. Balfour had ever succeeded in shackling us in his jails. We were by the Tipperary sentences removed from the scene, either in Ireland or Westminster, for the lapse of six months, during which the

discord begun in Committee Room 15 was fated to go on widening until it was irreparable. The Delegates satisfied themselves easily enough that interference by cablegram from America could lead to nothing but half-understandings and confusion worse confounded. They were all agreed that, instead of risking the addition of further fuel to the flames, our duty was to avail ourselves of the one advantage our detachment from the passions of Committee Room 15 left to us, and unite in a supreme effort to reach Parnell and his principal Irish and Liberal adversaries by a delegation to France. The misfortune, I am afraid, was that the entire body of the Delegates was not dispatched to France, rather than allow the whole weight of responsibility to be thrown upon the shoulders of Mr. T. P. Gill and myself. The ground upon which men of so much importance as Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor avoided the duty was the desirability of retaining the rest of the Delegates in America to resume the appeal for funds with the *éclat* which a successful composition of the quarrels in Westminster would impart to the American mission. It was not sufficiently remembered that immeasurably the most important and the most difficult consideration was the success of the mission in France. The Delegates who remained behind found themselves frozen up in their New York hotel under the ban of an inglorious boycott, recognizing that they would have no audience anywhere for discourse upon any other subject unless the mission to France prospered, while, if it did, Irish-American dollars in millions would flow into the lap of the peace-makers.

The separation of the Delegates led to new complications. Our instructions as to the conciliatory proposals we were to make to Parnell were reduced to writing in minute detail, with the assent of all the Delegates, and were never departed from in the smallest particular. While Mr. Gill and myself were on the seas, however, our colleagues in the Hoffman House allowed themselves to be betrayed into partisan rejoicings over Parnell's defeat at the Kilkenny election which were in sharp disaccord with the tenor of our written instructions. While our communications with a sensitive man like Parnell were

in their most delicate phase, it was even telegraphed from America, from a source that was scarcely mistakable, that our colleagues in New York strongly disapproved of my efforts to reconcile Parnell to the acceptance of the conditions they had themselves joined in drafting. The consequence was that, instead of having Parnell's counter-proposals immediately debated with the united strength of the American Delegates, we found our difficulties enormously increased by the rumours that a new split was developing, and after an interminable series of cablegrams to and from the Hoffman House, which were betrayed to the newspapers and shamefully distorted, Mr. Dillon found it necessary to do at last what he must now feel he ought to have done at first, and voyaged to France to ascertain for himself how matters stood.

What followed, as to which Mr. St. John Ervine does not evince the remotest knowledge, is set down in my book, "An Olive Branch in Ireland and its History," Chapter I, Macmillan, 1910. The accuracy of the narrative has never been challenged in a single particular from either side. All that need be repeated here of "the Boulogne negotiations"—and that only because it is the key to all the later history of the Irish Party and of their Liberal allies—is that, by the time Mr. Dillon reached France, Parnell had been induced to renounce the chairmanship and to consent to Mr. Dillon's election in his place, and that it was solely due to a piece of tactlessness on Mr. Dillon's own part—the most luckless in the course of a career of romantic promise which is not unfree from other and similar infelicities—that Parnell was at the last moment re-estranged and our agreement brought to ruin. The error has been, perhaps, more than sufficiently atoned for in many a subsequent hour of reflection, and might now mercifully be dipped under the wave of Lethe but that it was the cause of the destruction of the last chance of saving Parnell from an end for ever to be mourned, or of saving his Party from perishing of a more prolonged, but no less pitiable, agony. The great Irishman was suffering from Bright's disease in a form which must, in any event, have put an end to his life in a year or two; but he might have died surrounded by

the undiminished affection and gratitude of his race, without a shadow of the desperation or of the indignities which surrounded his death-bed. Better than all, his death might have been the signal for the second spring-time of a Party which was not yet irrevocably sundered, but which the tragedy of his last months sentenced to a quarter of a century of demoralization, terminating in a not undeserved annihilation.

This was not, indeed, the only lion in the path of "the Boulogne negotiations." It is a curious fact that the pronouncement of the American Delegates raised up a new obstacle to peace more redoubtable than our difficulties with Parnell. As long as our intentions remained unpublished our power of urging—nay, of enforcing—counsels of peace upon both sets of combatants was practically supreme. Once our decision was made known, and was followed by the pronouncement of the Bishops, more than one of the leaders of what was already beginning to be called the Anti-Parnellite Party, felt sufficiently sure of their ground to resent any further interference on our part that was not in unquestioning furtherance of their own methods. It became a question not of smoothing the way to Parnell's retirement, but (in the detestable jargon of the day) of "knifing" him now that he was supposed to be down. The jealousies of certain parliamentarians alive to the poor part they had played in Westminster during the four years of the Plan of Campaign fever, while their colleagues were bearing the brunt of the battle in the prisons, and in the eviction clearances in which all the passionate interest of Ireland was absorbed, began to make themselves heard in sneers at "the picturesque personalities" in New York—"the Kings over the water"—who still dared prate of peace with Parnell, when their only business was to follow *sans phrase* wherever "the men in the gap" at Westminster might lead the way.

From infantile jealousies of this kind Mr. Healy was almost entirely free. He did not shrink from taking his risks in some of the most moving crises of the Plan of Campaign wars. If he had never made much disguise of his inability to suffer gladly one of "the picturesque

personalities" against whom one of his brother "Antis" directed his shafts, his friendship for myself was genuine to the point of enthusiasm, and had never once been interrupted up to the time of the Parnell split. I have sometimes had my misgivings whether more patience on my own part and less irritation at recollection of an old grudge of his against Parnell and of some recent excesses of language might not have converted him from the most ferocious fighter in the Anti-Parnellite ranks to a peace-maker whose word would have been at the moment irresistible. The difficulty, it may now be avowed, was that I was only too painfully aware of the bitter personal quarrel that had long divided Parnell and himself. The precise cause of the quarrel he never communicated to me. All that is certain is that it came to a head in a message from Parnell forbidding him to join Joseph Chamberlain at a dinner-party which the Irish leader suspected to have been organized at a critical juncture as part of an intrigue against Gladstone and himself. The faults on Parnell's own side of the quarrel were wantonly aggravated by such acts of impolicy as refusing his brilliant lawyer-lieutenant a brief in the Parnell Commission trial. It was one of the tragedies of the situation that the opposition to Parnell at Westminster should have at once devolved upon the only man towards whom Parnell harboured a resentment, and whose fearlessness singled him out from feebler men as the foremost fighter in the battle-front. The American papers, ablaze daily with the sickening personalities exchanged in Committee Room 15, left no room for doubt that the controversy was being debated in a spirit directly contrary to that we had ourselves recommended in dealing with a leader of irreplaceable value to the nation, and upon an issue, as it is now revealed, concerning which Parnell's opponents were fatally misinformed. It was with an uneasy knowledge how deeply the smothered fires of ill-will between the two men still burned that I cabled to the faithful friend whom I had left in charge of *United Ireland*, be the circumstances what they might, to "avoid all unkind language of Parnell personally and permit no outsider to interfere." But no precaution could any longer prevail in a state of violence and

injustice which was already warming into a living hell. *United Ireland* was taken forcible possession of in the Parnell interests by a mob of whom not a man had ever invested a penny, or written a line, or sacrificed an hour of his liberty in connection with the paper, which had been for nine years the storm-centre and citadel of resistance to English rule. The other side served me a no less disgraceful turn by starting a newspaper in my name choke-full of the personal abominations concerning Parnell of which I had cabled my detestation, and of which the circulation through the country as "William O'Brien's Paper" wrought incalculable mischief when our mission of peace came to be the last hope of the country.

Where, then, comes in the reason for regret that I did not treat Mr. Healy's sensibilities with a more assiduous tenderness? A sentimental reason—an emotional one, if you will—but there was question of a man with whom sentiment, and emotionalism—black and sudden as a Killarney squall and as short-lived—had more complete mastery of his moods than in the case of any other man of superb talent I ever became acquainted with. While I was on the sea for France, Mr. Healy and his friends founded a daily newspaper, *The National Press*, of which they nominated me the Editor and Managing Director. As this was done without any consultation or communication with me, the unexpected power placed in my hands of accepting or rejecting the control of a great daily newspaper supplied me with an enormous leverage in my peace mission which neither Parnellites nor anti-Parnellites could afford to disregard. Whether I turned the opportunity to the best account for peace' sake is a question which sometimes sets me pondering. At a moment when Parnell's readiness to place himself in my hands was already sufficiently well known to alarm the no-compromisers who had burned their boats, Mr. Healy paid me a visit in Paris (in company, unfortunately, with one of the most virulent enemies of peace) on the sufficiently legitimate business of forcing my decision as to the editorship of the new paper, although he and his friends could scarcely have failed to know that my only reason for letting a day pass without rejecting the offer was the effect the

uncertainty had on Parnell's mind at a moment when the fate of negotiations big with a quarter of a century of happiness or horrid discord was trembling in the balance. My hand was forced and Parnell's own unreasonableness reawakened.

Nevertheless, Mr. Healy was the only antagonist of an accommodation who mattered. When Parnell offered to give place to myself, as one in whose personal friendship his faith had never wavered, few who knew the relations of Mr. Healy and myself could doubt that he would have accepted that solution of the crisis, not merely with political resignation, but with an unfeigned joy. The least generous of cynics will understand why it is necessary to mention certain intimate matters of this kind if a glimmer of the truth relating to important events is ever to reach the public eye. When I came to insist upon the substitution of Mr. Dillon, the difficulty both with Parnell and with Mr. Healy became enormously increased. The one thing on which both men were agreed was an unsparing opinion of his little vanities and an equally low—quite outrageously low—estimate of his intellectual calibre. But Parnell had never much difficulty in getting over his personal dislikes under a strong sense of public necessity. Only for one sentence of calamitous tactlessness on Mr. Dillon's own part, in the final interview at Calais, the difficulty as to his nomination to the chairmanship was at an end, so far as Parnell's hesitations were concerned.*

Mr. Healy's objection in that event would have yielded in an impulse of generosity as compelling as that

* The feelings of his chief advisers are sufficiently testified by three short quotations. John Redmond wrote: "I am afraid John's interview with P. at Calais had *a very bad effect* and accounts for much of recent events. Ever since P. has been saying if *you* were to be the leader, as he originally strongly urged, the difficulties would be very small. I wish to God this could be so. I well know John would not be the one to object." Tim Harrington wrote: "His confidence in you is as strong as ever, but something must have gone very wrong at Calais. I think John said something to him about the funds in Paris which wounded him terribly . . . yet with all this I don't believe he is even yet averse to a settlement himself, if it was a matter of dealing with you." Writing in *Sinn Fein* of one of my books ("Evening Memories") Arthur Griffith said I knew more of Parnell, and was more intimately trusted by him than any other man, and that he deplored his parting with me after the Boulogne negotiations more sorely than the loss of all the rest of those whom he called "the Seceders."

which caused him to break down sobbing in the midst of one of his brainstorms in Committee Room 15, to hold out a hand of peace to his broken chief. Our relations in Paris were those of perfect correctitude, but it was not so much an occasion for diplomacy as for heart-to-heart confidences between seasoned old comrades. I think now it would scarcely have been in vain, if I had concentrated all my strength in an appeal to the memories of the long march we had made together out of the land of Egypt under a Moses never to be replaced, and to a generosity I had invariably found to be the end of Mr. Healy's most blustering attempts to seem merciless.

It is the fashion of politicians with uneasy memories to decry all reference to "what might have been" as a waste of public attention. By means of this suggestion the truth about an entire generation of Irish history has been suppressed by the mobs and the newspapers of the factions among whom the kingdom of Parnell was divided. "A bubble and a squeak and all is over" was the wisdom of one eminent Liberal journal impatient that Irishmen should lose a day about throwing their leader overboard at Boulogne. Thirty-five years have passed, and all is not yet over—except with the Irish Party that obeyed the hint and with the Liberal Party in whose supposed interest the incitement was uttered. As time goes on it will be ever plainer that the afflictions which have since been laid upon the backs of the Irish people are traceable to two blunders of not more than half a dozen politicians working upon an organized popular ignorance too sad for words. The first was the want of foresight that proclaimed it an unforgivable treason to make any attempt to prevent the fate of Parnell from becoming a settled poison in the blood of the country. Who will repeat that "Boulonging" catch-cry now? The other was committed when, after eight years of hellish strife, the people made peace for themselves in the ranks of the United Irish League, without much countenance from the members of Parliament of any faction, and within four years of their reunion abolished Landlordism and stirred the hearts of the best of the Irish Unionists for a Home Rule settlement, at that time less beset with perplexities than had been the task of the

Land Conference, and in a country still undarkened by the faintest suggestion of a cleavage into two Irelands. The lesson of Boulogne was again forgotten. Certain ill-advised politicians, in whose despite the split of 1890 had been healed, set out to devastate the newly-established unity of an all-but-unanimous country, and did so, of all sardonic ironies, as the high priests of National Unity and Majority Rule. It is by this time possible to contemplate with mansuetude, although not without a haunting sorrow, the campaign of unimaginable folly on which they employed their ten years of omnipotence at Westminster and in Ireland—the destruction of the Policy of Conciliation just as the golden shower of its blessings was only beginning to fall; the suspension for twenty years of the Abolition of Landlordism wherever their boycott could enforce their designs; the substitution for a broad and tolerant nationality of a ubiquitous secret society, restricted to an exclusively Catholic membership, under the sanction of a Catholic sacramental test, with the result of alarming the Protestants of Ulster into preparations for an appalling civil war; and their final panic-stricken bid to disarm Sir Edward Carson by solemnly surrendering to him as a separate and hostile State six counties whose history thrills the inmost heartstrings of Irish Nationality.

There is no Irishman in his senses who will at this time of day offer a word of defence for those crazy doings. The happy-go-lucky good nature of Irishmen, who had none but the dimmest and most erroneous notion of what was happening during the years while their votes kept the architects of the Policy of Destruction in power, will perhaps be content to dismiss the evil-doers with the reflection that, grievous as was their sinning, still heavier was their fall. The moment the Hibernian Partitionists were compelled to render an account to their constituencies they were bundled bodily out of Parliament and off the public stage, and the wealthy daily newspaper, which was their principal instrument of mischief, found its grave in the Bankruptcy Court amidst the groans of its shareholders.

But it is not wise to forget that it took an armed revolution to cut out of the body politic a Parliamen-

tarianism which had grown to be a cancer. That is what gave the young men of the Irish Revolution a hold upon their countrymen which it would be a grave mistake to suppose is yet broken. It is too soon for responsible men to dogmatize on the success or failure or the more probable evolution of an experiment based upon the unsure expedient of dividing an ancient nation into two disunited States, and excluding from the Southern Legislature all but half the purely political representatives elected by the people. What may be affirmed as an already established fact is that no other man could have so well succeeded as Mr. Healy has done in setting the excessively delicate machinery of the new relations between the two islands to work without a jangle. His popularity has made him an equally acceptable *porte-parole* with Mr. Lloyd George the Radical, with Mr. Thomas the strong man of Labour, and with Mr. Amery the sympathetic Conservative. The qualities he once refused with a growl to display to anybody outside a strictly confidential circle of intimates have ripened into a large tolerance and a self-command almost outshining the wit and geniality which are the joy of all but the sourest of his countrymen. That much ought to be said; the rest is still mist and doubt.

The demand for Mr. St. John Ervine's book gives us all a startling reminder that Parnell remains an even more powerful factor of contemporary Irish history to-day than he was when a more or less remorseful nation saw his coffin pass a generation ago. He lived to the eve of a resounding Home Rule victory, which it is doubtful whether the one-sided and vilely distorting evidence of the Divorce Court or the stupid malice of his enemies contributed most to forbid. That victory he would have been able to turn to account as no man who has come after him can hope to do. He would have done so with that mixture of the magic of the idealist and the firmness of the ruler of men which caused a race twenty millions strong to obey him, not as slaves obey their master, as the foolish will persist in cackling, but as a beloved deliverer, and it would have been done with a moderation which would long ago have made his English (and Irish) revilers blush for their silliness. It would be

a sin of national despondency to suggest that that can never be again.

It was publicly asserted two years ago ("The Irish Revolution and How It Came About," Chapter 29), and has never been seriously denied, that Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith only signed the Downing Street Articles of Agreement on the undertaking of the two most important members of the Coalition Cabinet that the Boundary Commission would be so arranged as to transfer the counties of Tyrone, Fermanagh, and South Armagh, with the great towns of Derry, Enniskillen, and Newry, to the Free State, thereby giving Sir James Craig and his remaining three counties no choice but to follow them. The undertaking of Messrs. Winston Churchill and Lloyd George was never a viable one, and as soon as the parish Boundary Commission has reported its foredoomed failure, the ingenuity of statesmen will be thrown back upon new negotiations and more creditable devices. The only way I can discern of avoiding an ultimate demand for the concession to a de-Partitioned Ireland of the Dominion right of amicable secession, if on mature experience she should so desire, is to return to those other methods of winning the assent of Ulster which were nearer to success than is generally suspected before the Northern Protestants were goaded to arms and an unendurable wound given to our national pride by the Partition bargain of the Irish Parliamentary Party of 1916. Should another Parnell arise in the new generation, he will possess unprecedented powers and opportunities so to shape the present situation that either the demand would not be made at all or the right would be exercised without a shadow of menace to the safety of England or to the sensibilities of Ulster.

The leader of men of whom so much can be said a generation after he was buried a disgraced and beaten man, is a hero, and not the hero of transpontine tragedy in whose habiliments Mr. St. John Ervine has chosen to deck him out.

The Story of Schlomé the Fighter

By Georges Clemenceau

THIS is a true story which I am about to tell you. I wrote it at the dictation of a witness who happened to be present at the synagogue when the drama of Schlomé the fighter unfolded itself. It seemed to me that the story was worth telling, as much owing to the psychological interest of the plot as owing to the light which it throws on manners which are different from ours.

I

The story relates to one of those poor Polish Jews with their long straggling robes, with their unkempt beards, with their piteous appearance, and with those queer glossy locks which make them vaguely resemble a spaniel emerging from a pond. Schlomé (or Salomon) Fuss was a tailor. This is certainly a very useful trade, but it is one which could not possibly enrich a man in one of the poorest villages of Eastern Galicia.

The hamlet of Busk, a few steps from the Russian frontier, presented unequivocal signs of the most lamentable poverty. However, we must not always judge of the wealth of the Jews from mere appearances. In spite of the unspeakable hovels where the Jewry of Busk was gathered, there were a few profiteers, so it was stated, who might possess a capital of as much as a thousand francs. Those were the Rothschilds of the district. The others would cut a centime into eight, and were not addicted to any of the luxuries of fashion. But however much one might try, even the strongest cloth would give way in the long run, and when the hole got unduly large, one must needs resort to Schlomé in order to apply

the healing patch. Patching, cutting, sewing, Schlomé, an expert in all the things appertaining to his craft, managed very nearly to support his wife and five children. Indeed, Lia was with child at the moment when our story begins.

II

This happened in 1848. How many events did accumulate in this memorable year. A breath of freedom and justice was sweeping the plains and the mountains of the old continent. Nations were arising, others were shaking. It was the glorious dawn of hope, followed with darkness, and what a darkness!

We ought not to think that none of those great things reached the poor Jews of Busk. They noticed full well that an unusual phenomenon was stirring the world, for in that particular year they were honoured with three successive conscriptions by His Majesty the Emperor.

Until the institution of compulsory and universal military service in 1868, the Galician Jew had not ceased to show himself refractory to the noble profession of arms. It was orthodoxy and not cowardice which kept him away from the barracks. Once enlisted it was necessary for him to renounce eating *kosher*, the flesh of animals killed according to the rites, a terrible necessity for the faithful who pretend to adhere strictly to the Law. An even greater crime, one had to work on the day of the Sabbath. Besides one did not know for what one was going to fight. To get oneself killed in order to defend Jerusalem was an intelligible proposition, but to risk one's life in the quarrels of Christians, what an absurdity!

III

For all those reasons, the Jewish communities of the Galician villages applied themselves to saving their young men from military service. They succeeded by means of the simplest stratagem. After all, what was it that the Emperor was asking? A definite number of soldiers who had to be killed according to all the rules of the art. Well, one would see to it that he was provided with his due allowance, the Emperor would be satisfied, and so would Israel be. How could this miracle be accomplished?

All the districts of Galicia where there was a sufficient number of Jews were at that time divided into Christian communes and Jewish communes. The census declared the number of inhabitants in each section, and according to the population, they valued the number of conscripts whom it had to provide. Now it happened that at that time Galician villages were being invaded by Jews from Russian Poland who had crossed the frontier in order to escape the frightful persecutions of Tsar Nicholas I. Those refugees who were happily free from the Talmudic fanaticism of their co-religionists, and who were, moreover, devoid of all resources, would make no difficulty about donning uniform. The bargain was thus a foregone arrangement. A man would be duly paid, and would be given a spurious identity with the complicity of the police and of the gendarmerie, which was bought with hard cash. And that man would serve in the ranks whilst the orthodox Jew of Galicia would continue to feed on *kosher*, would abstain from all labour during the Sabbath, and would dream silently of re-conquered Jerusalem.

IV

This system was working to the satisfaction of all concerned when the year 1848 came. There was internal war, there was war in Italy, there was war in Hungary. The Emperor was in need of human blood. As I have already said, three successive conscriptions struck the miserable Jews of Busk like the other subjects of the Empire. One had seen similar things in France after 1813, and like many subjects of Emperor Napoleon, the Jews of Galicia were disposed to pay a good price to be spared the glory of becoming heroes. Unfortunately the purses of so poverty-stricken a people could not stand the treble exaction of human flesh. The people of Busk might at a stretch buy off four men a year, such was the number of the ordinary impost; but as for buying off a dozen, this was sheer impossibility! On the first and second conscription they managed to escape as by a miracle. They took a mortgage, they sold property to save the sacred ark, and the God of Abraham had the joy to preserve intact all the sheep of the fold. But when

the third conscription came they found themselves without resources. The supply which had become more scarce, and the demand which had become more frequent, had, beyond measure, increased the market price of human chattel. And as all the hidden cash-boxes had been emptied, the Jewish community had reached the end of their resources. By one supreme effort three out of four substitutes could still be bought. As for the fourth, it was of no avail. It became necessary to choose in Israel a victim for the sanguinary games of Christian barbarism.

Of course, the idea occurred to no one to draw by lot from amongst the young men of twenty-one years of age, as the law of the State demanded. The Grand Directing Council of the Jewish community, which was composed of the most pious and of the richest members, recognized that they could not leave it to chance as to who was to be offered as a vicarious victim. How could one risk having to sacrifice some one amongst those wealthy magnates who might possess as much as five or six hundred francs of capital? Do we not find, even in the ranks of poverty, a financial oligarchy which manages to appropriate all that can be appropriated from the lower strata of society?

But there was an even more serious question at stake. Religious feeling, whose first effect is to raise above the common level those persons who are placed in more or less remote relation with divinity, did not permit that one of the "*Lerner*" or learners should be condemned to live the life of the uncircumcised. The *lerner* is the man dedicated to high Jewish studies, the man who devotes himself to the reading of the *Talmud* and the *Kabbala*. It is the true nobility of Israel, which goes back beyond the days of the Temple destroyed by Emperor Titus. A *lerner*, who is neither a trader nor a labourer, will be easily accepted by the most richly endowed heiress, even as our marquesses are accepted by the less beautiful heiresses of young America. Men of such promise are not sent about the wicked world with a knapsack on their backs. It was, therefore, unanimously resolved by the Sanhedrin of Busk, that they would throw into a hat the names of the most wretched; chance would have to decide.

V

It happened that it was the name of Schlomé Fuss which came out. At nightfall, the gendarmes, duly informed, forced an entry into Schlomé's hut, drove the man from his couch, amidst the tears and cries of his progeny, tied him up, and without explanation, carried him away, terror-stricken, to the *Kommandantur* of the neighbouring town of Zlockzow. There he was provided with a false identity card—the complicity of the judge. They cut his beloved curly *pailles*, they clad him in a beautiful, brand-new uniform, and started him on the road to the battle-fields of No Vara, where King Charles Albert was soon to feel the valour of his right arm. Is it not even thus that Candide, the immortal hero of Voltaire, became by surprise one of the heroes of the Bulgarian army?

The difference is that the beautiful Cunegonde, the beloved of Candide, was without an heir, whereas Lia, the wife of Schlomé, had six children to bring up on the pestilential air which Providence distributes liberally to those whom she loves sufficiently, in order to overload them with misfortunes in this world, with the purpose of making them relish all the more the eternal beatitude of the elect. Providence apparently cherished Lia and her progeny in a quite peculiar manner, for they were spared none of the ordeals of poverty. The miracle is that they should manage to live in such a condition. I would almost make bold to say that they throve on it. This population refuses to die. Can there be anything more insulting for the precious issue of our millionaires who monopolize all the science of our medical practitioners without any other result except that of dying in their palaces from rickets and consumption? Let us take due note that Lia and her six children, shivering with cold and starving, did persevere in their awkward habit of living. The community, which at first assisted them in the secret hope that it would not last, ended by submitting to sad necessity.

VI

Behold, two years afterwards, in 1850, the war being finished, there appeared in the village a magnificent

soldier with golden stripes and shining boots, with a sword by his side, and with medals on his breast. Without speaking to anybody, he made straight for the hut of Schlomé. He entered, and at once there was an explosion of screams, a tempest of ejaculations. He was followed by men carrying heavy baskets, from which they removed, in front of the door, extraordinary victuals; throughout the night one heard nothing but laughter and singing and kissing. There could be no doubt about the matter. The warrior covered with glory and stripes, the non-commissioned officer decorated with golden medals which, please remember, entitled him to a pension, this warrior was none else but Schlomé, the wretched little Jew who had left his village, dragged away by the gendarmes with a halter round his neck. To-day those same men were exchanging with him, O miracle, the military salute, and were treating him with due respect. They surrounded him, they cross-examined him. By way of answer, he sounded the florins in his pocket.* He was a hero, but he was a modest hero, for it was noticed that without showing any vanity at his honours, he liked to remain at home, and delighted especially in the company of his last born, little David, who was born during his absence.

VII

When the day of Sabbath arrived, he took his praying robes, and as in olden days, he repaired to the synagogue where he took part with the accustomed fervour in the pious ministrations of his brethren.

"Schlomé is a good Jew," everybody said when leaving the temple. "He remained faithful to his God. For this he will be rewarded."

However, there was one thing which surprised the people. If any pious man wishing to claim the merits of his good deeds did boast in presence of Schlomé of having helped Lia and her children, the warrior would only answer by a short cry of astonishment. Never did a

* If any one wonders that a fortune should be so quickly made in the profession of arms, I would remind him that the disturbed conditions of the times enabled Jewish and Christian warriors to take up the remunerative trade of premiums on enlistment. Soldiers deserted from one army to enlist in another, after which they returned to the flag under another name in a new regiment. Handsome sums were thus accumulated by doubtful traffickers in military glory.

word of thanks come out of his mouth. The fact was noticed, and variously commented upon.

They concluded in the end, "Schlomé is a good Jew, but an ungrateful good Jew."

VIII

It just happened that Schlomé had returned in September for the festivities of the New Year, which ten days afterwards are followed by the Yom Kippur or Great Atonement. No one observed more rigorously the fasting than our soldier on this solemn day on which it is not even permitted to a Jew to drink one drop of water. At the synagogue he prayed as usual, his praying robes thrown over the uniform, for he was only on leave.

After prayer had been said, the Rabbi ascended to the tabernacle to take the sacred books, and to read the prescribed chapters according to the prescribed rites. But to the stupefaction of all, behold Schlomé rushing forward in front of the officiating priest, and raising against him an impious hand, barring the way to the tabernacle. An outburst of terror or indignation and rage replied to the sacrilege. With a unanimous motion the crowd turned against the offender to make him expiate his crime. They insulted him and threatened to tear him to pieces and to massacre him, but Schlomé dominated the tumult, and, drawing his big sword, kept back the more valorous ones. A few torn Levites and a few knocks were sufficient to restore calm in the holy precincts. Then Schlomé, from the tabernacle, turning downwards the point of his sword, said with a vibrating voice:

"Listen to me; I desire to speak!"

Silence being secured—a silence of stupefaction and fear—the inexorable warrior continued:

"I, even I, Schlomé Fuss the fighter, I forbid you to open the tabernacle. You are not worthy to read the word of God in the Sacred Book, for you are wicked men, criminals, the abomination of Israel. In the dead of night you tore me from my bed, you sold me even as Joseph was once sold by his brothers. You condemned to extreme misery my wife Lia, and my children whom I was supporting with my daily toil. You

did all this to save a coward, one of your own class. You were hoping that the bullet would dispose of me, and would at the same time dispose of the evidence of your crime. Well, God has protected me. And here I am, I return as an avenger, and I do hereby declare to you to-day, the day of the Great Atonement, that you shall not perform the sacred ceremonies on which depend the life and the death of each human creature, and that you shall not be pardoned, if you do not grant me complete reparation of your odious crime."

A voice arose: "Let us send for the gendarmes." At once the crowd, uttering outcries of imprecation, rushed outside to commandeer the forces of law and order.

But the gendarmes had now become the friends of Schlomé. When they were told what had happened, they found that the thing was very funny, and they declared that they could not penetrate into the synagogue without a formal mandate. But who could give such a mandate? There existed no tribunal in Busk.

They then repaired to the syndic of the Christian community, who answered that he too was without authority over the synagogue. The *Kommandantur* was fifteen miles distant. Even if it had been nearer, Jews may not travel either by horse or by carriage on the day of the Great Atonement. It was necessary to negotiate at the risk of not accomplishing the indispensable ceremonies which ensured to all the faithful the great remission of sins needed by our common mortality.

IX

They returned to the temple, and they found Schlomé with drawn sword, mounting guard before the tabernacle.

The Rabbi drew near, and with a trembling voice, "Schlomé," he said humbly, "what do you ask?"

"You shall go to-morrow to my house," he answered, "and hold council; you shall prostrate yourselves, and crave forgiveness of my wife and my children."

"Be it so; we shall do it," the Rabbi said resolutely.

"That is not all. You must pay a fine. I need money to support my family whilst I complete my military service. My two years of war service are counted as four years. There still remains for me to complete four years.

I have made the exact calculation. I demand 350 florins—700 francs. I shall not expect one farthing less."

"But, you wretched man, how could we pay such an exorbitant sum? Will you then reduce us to misery, and commit against us the very crime which you accuse us of having committed against yourself and your people?"

"I demand 350 florins this very day. If they are not paid, we shall not celebrate the Great Atonement."

"You know full well that our hands must not touch any money this sacred day."

"Let that not trouble you. Here are my praying robes spread out. Go home, fetch your silver, the jewels of your wives and daughters, put together your treasures until I am satisfied that I have got my reckoning. The Reverend Doctor, who is a righteous man, will have the keeping of the treasure, and to-morrow you may pay me in coin after you have humiliated yourselves in the dust before Lia and her children."

They tried to drag out the negotiations and to discuss.

"Do you not see that the sun is moving in his orbit?" said Schlomé. "If you wait one moment further, it will be too late for the Great Atonement."

Then the jewels were thrown into a heap on the praying robes of Schlomé, and when he had his reckoning he said simply, "This will do."

The Doctor—I heard the story from his own son—undertook the keeping of the deposit, and Schlomé demanded further to be singled out to read the first verse of the Bible.

"This honour which is reserved for the most pious, the most revered amongst you, belongs by right to me, inasmuch as we are all wicked people, and inasmuch as I am your victim."

Having said this he put back his sword in its sheath, left his fighting position, and choosing at random another praying robe, he covered his head with it and pronounced solemnly the formula of the benediction which precedes the reading of the Book.

The Sacred Scriptures had now been taken out of the tabernacle. Schlomé bent over the sacred text and read the first verse with a loud voice. Another succeeded him, and the ceremony followed its due course without any

incident disturbing the piety of the faithful. When the first stars appeared the Jewish community of Busk, having settled its accounts with its Creator, was able, after so cruel an ordeal, to break peacefully the rigorous fast of the Great Atonement. The next day the assembled council went out to kneel down before the threshold of the house of Schlomé, and publicly made honourable amends. The 350 florins were paid. Lia, who was an industrious woman, engaged two journeymen, and opened a tailoring shop. Then Schlomé, having made up his accounts before returning to military service, perceived that he had one hundred florins more than he needed. He made a present of this sum to the poor of all religious communities. The synagogue, scandalized, submitted without a word to this supplementary expiation.

X

Two years afterwards Schlomé returned to his country, and took up his trade again. He allowed his "pailles" to grow, and by and by he became once more the little Jewish shop-keeper of Galicia. When one saw him pass by, humble, gentle and peaceable, anyone who did not know his history would have been very much surprised on hearing his nickname—"*Schlomé sellner*," Schlomé the fighter.

He had verily fought for his right. He had even won a victory. I wish to all of you, O my readers, equal bravery and equal luck.

Engineering in the Royal Air Force

Need for a Special Branch

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

THE Aeronautical Research Committee—which is a body of scientists and engineers appointed by the Government to advise the Air Ministry on technical matters—reported in 1924 that "accidents which, in the view of the Committee, are primarily due to the absence of this (technical) knowledge continue to occur. Many machines are destroyed, while in some instances lives are lost." In their report for this year they again "call attention to the need of officers with more technical knowledge, and to the hope expressed in their last report that it will not be impossible to provide for highly-skilled persons to make a direct technical diagnosis of each power-plant failure immediately it occurs. . . They consider it desirable to utilize to the full the knowledge of such officers as possess the necessary technical qualifications."

It is apparently the considered policy of the Air Council to make the Royal Air Force a Service of amateurs. In a lecture delivered before the Cambridge University Aeronautical Society in May last, Sir Hugh Trenchard, the Chief of the Air Staff, said: "I feel that every pilot must be in a similar position to the owner of a motor-car who does not need a chauffeur." It is no doubt desirable that every aeroplane pilot, as every owner-driver of a car, should have a sound knowledge of his machine and engine. But the owner-driver has behind him all the expert knowledge and equipment of a service of garages all over the country who can be called in to diagnose and repair any fault. The obvious analogy to this organization would be to have in the Royal Air Force a technical branch of trained engineers, as in the Navy, who would be responsible for the efficiency and repair of the aeroplanes and engines.

ENGINEERING IN THE R.A.F.

The entry of officers into the Air Force is through two channels. Officers taking permanent commissions straight away are first sent to the Cadet College at Cranwell, where they undergo a two-years' course in aeroplane-piloting, discipline, and various other matters, including elementary instruction in science and engineering as applying to aeronautics. It could not, I think, be argued that this gives them a much higher standard of knowledge than the average "owner of a motor-car who does not need a chauffeur," and therefore they presumably fulfil the requirements of the Chief of the Air Staff. They, however, only constitute a little more than 40 per cent. of the annual entry into the permanent commissioned ranks of the Service; the remaining (approximately) 60 per cent. being officers who originally received "short service" commissions for four years and were granted permanent commissions at the end of that period. These officers, numbering rather more than half the total, have the course at Cranwell compressed into one year, and therefore have considerably less knowledge than their more fortunate brethren.

A certain number of selected officers are sent each year for twelve months' instruction in engines at the Royal Aircraft (experimental) Establishment at Farnborough, and of these about a dozen annually go on to Cambridge to take the natural science tripos in engineering and aeronautics there; the normal period of three years' study being in their case compressed into two. I do not propose to enter here into the question of whether the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, for instance, would consider these officers qualified engineers. At any rate, against each of their names the letter "E" is placed in the Air Force List as signifying "Qualified Engineering Officer"—in some cases an asterisk being added to signify: "Qualified Engineering Officer who has passed a University Course in Aeronautical Engineering or its equivalent." In a list of 2,620 "General Duty" officers there are, with this "E" qualification, eight wing commanders (lieutenant-colonels), thirty squadron leaders (majors), sixty-six flight lieutenants (captains), and sixty-two flying officers (lieutenants) —a total of 166. It will be noticed that there is in the Air Force List no single officer shown to be qualified as an

engineering officer of equivalent rank to the engineer captain or engineer admiral of the Navy. Some light on the standard of the "E" qualification is thrown by the fact that out of thirteen officers taking the engineering tripos at Cambridge in May this year, ten were already shown as qualified, which seems to imply that the twelve months' engine course at Farnborough is sufficient in the view of the Air Council to produce an engineer. An apparent indication of the value placed on the "E" is that it is not placed against an officer's name in the portion of the Air Force List showing where he is serving, although this is done with all decorations and also with the letters indicating officers who are qualified for staff duties. In order to ascertain how the engineering officers are distributed, it has therefore been necessary to wade laboriously through the seniority list of the "General Duties Branch," and then look up the station of each "E" officer individually. The result has been illuminating. Out of forty-five service squadrons, for example, only eight have an engineering officer. Of these eight, three are commanding their squadrons—which is analogous to an engineer lieutenant-commander being appointed by the Admiralty to command a destroyer or submarine. Paragraph fifty-seven of "The King's Regulations and Air Council Instructions for the Royal Air Force," reads: "Where no officer i/c workshops is allowed by establishment, the C.O. will detail an officer with suitable qualifications for this duty," while paragraph 2447 lays down that "The officer in charge of workshops will be responsible to his C.O. for the repair work of the unit."

What constitute "suitable qualifications" does not appear to be laid down, but of forty-five Air Force squadrons, only eight "C.O.'s" would be able to detail officers with any engineering qualification recognized in the Air Force List; and of these eight, three would be compelled to detail themselves. The prospect of fulfilment of the Aeronautical Research Committee's hope, "to provide for highly-skilled persons to make a direct technical diagnosis of each power-plant failure immediately it occurs," seems indeed remote. Paragraph 2461 of the King's Regulations requires that half-yearly technical reports, which "must be definitely technical,"

shall be prepared by squadron officers and forwarded to "area and command headquarters," by whom they "will be very carefully considered," and "a report compiled embodying all the essential items of the various unit reports," which is to be forwarded to the Air Ministry. The qualification of any officer in five out of the eighteen squadrons serving abroad, for compiling "definitely technical" reports, does not appear in the Air Force List; and it is somewhat surprising to find further, that out of five "area and command headquarters" abroad, who are responsible for compiling the technical reports for the Air Ministry, only two are provided with any "Qualified Engineering Officers" on their staff, though two out of the remaining three have officers appointed for "technical staff duties"—not, however, "E" officers. The chaotic character of the distribution of "E" officers is shown by the fact that of five Group Headquarters on the Home Establishment, two have no engineering officer, one has a wing commander, one has a squadron leader, and one has a flight lieutenant, although they all perform identical functions.

This is not the place to go into further detail, but enough has been given to make it clear that the technical training provided by the Air Council is inadequate to provide properly qualified engineer officers, and that no attempt is made to distribute the existing engineering officers through the Service nor to employ them solely upon engineering duties. There are at least two cases of "E" officers having been subsequently required to take a course at the Air Force Staff College, and I have already mentioned the fact that three of these officers are commanding squadrons.

The efficiency of the Air Force, and the future safety of the Empire, inevitably depends upon its being well organized technically. The technical qualifications of all present "E" officers in the Royal Air Force should be at once examined by a properly constituted technical body, and those who are considered satisfactory formed into a separate Engineering Branch with an entirely separate promotion list from the ordinary pilots in the General Duties Branch. Each unit of the Service—such as a squadron—should have an officer appointed by the Air

Ministry from the engineering branch (not selected by the commanding officer from the personnel who happen to be sent to him), who should be responsible for the efficiency and repair of all the aircraft, engines, motor-transport, and other technical equipment of the unit. It is further suggested that as soon as possible some senior officers of the engineering branch should be promoted, so that there should be at least one engineer vice-marshal (corresponding to engineer rear-admiral in the Navy), and other senior ranks in proportion. The senior officer of the engineering branch should be stationed at the Air Ministry and responsible for the efficiency of the technical equipment. It is not necessary that engineer officers should be skilled pilots, since their duties would be in most cases on the ground, and when carried in aircraft, they would be solely in charge of the engines and have no piloting or navigational responsibilities. A method of providing temporarily a sufficient number of junior officers with some engineering knowledge would be to select a number from each year's entry at the Cadet College and, at the end of a certain period (say, six months or a year), to give them intensive engineering training to the exclusion of everything else for the remainder of the two-years' course. They could then be posted to one of the repair depots for further instruction and experience, before going to Farnborough or a university or as junior engineer officer with a unit. A most important requirement also is the provision of "refresher courses" in engineering for engineer officers of senior rank. These could easily be arranged at the Cadet College or at the Men's School of Technical Training at Manston—or even at the universities. It is abundantly clear that the Air Force can never be a technically efficient Service without a special engineering branch employed solely upon engineering duties.

On Queen Elizabeth

By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge

Most persons' opinions on historical characters are founded on general conversation, not on personal study of history. From youth up they hear such a one praised and such a one condemned by others who have no better authority for their laudation or censure than what they have themselves heard said in like manner during their earlier generation.

I find that to many people who have read my little book on the Temple it has come as a shock to discover the horrid cruelty perpetrated by Sir Thomas More upon the brave young Templar Bainham. When once a character has been classified as virtuous and praiseworthy by the general voice of conversational mankind, custom seems to exalt it more and more till it shines like the sun, but without its spots! It is much more pleasing to discover on careful research that a person of reputable life and blameless mind has been unjustly traduced by the careless world, than to take the halo from the brows of the acclaimed saint, and reveal the mean heart concealed under the white robe of hoary tradition.

One of the greatest myths current among mankind is that which celebrates the greatness of Queen Elizabeth.

Never has England produced such a galaxy of great men as adorned her reign, but they were great in spite of her.

A more exasperating ruler can seldom have worn a crown; those who served her with unselfish devotion were certain to be betrayed and disavowed if adventures into which she deliberately launched them were not ultimately successful, or, if successful, threatened her with any trouble at home or abroad.

First Murray and then Morton she induced to support her policy in Scotland with promises made on her honour

as a queen, which she failed to keep, with the result that she left them to die at the hands of their enemies.

"Wherever in the history of these times," writes Froude, "the Queen's hand is visible, there is always vacillation, infirmity of purpose, and generally dishonesty; where her subjects are seen acting for themselves, whether as seamen, soldiers, merchants, pirates—in any and all capacities—there as uniformly is decision, fierceness, often cruelty, but invariably energy and vigour."

The history of her dealings with the Low Countries is a series of betrayals and deceptions.

She sent eight thousand Englishmen across the North Sea to prevent or revenge the fall of Antwerp, and then when they had landed would not allow them to fight, would send no money or support of any kind, and in ten months half these brave, deserted men were dead of misery, exposure, and starvation.

Froude, whose tireless industry ransacked every letter and document of her reign, came to the dreadful conclusion that "obligations of honour were not only occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honour meant."

Nothing in her whole life was so base as her conduct in the matter of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

She repeated in every detail the mean and lying conduct which she displayed over the execution of the Duke of Norfolk, when, having herself ordered his execution, she endeavoured, says Hume, immediately "to throw the whole blame and odium of that action upon Lord Burleigh."

In the case of Mary Queen of Scots, she desired Lord Howard to tell her secretary, Davison, to bring the warrant for the execution to her to sign.

Davison accordingly brought it, and put it before her purposely, with other papers. He told her that among the documents for her signature was the one Lord Howard told him she had sent for.

She signed them all, including the warrant, and threw them on the floor.

At first he thought she meant not to speak of it; but presently she said she had delayed so long before signing it because she wished to show how unwillingly she did it.

She then asked him if he was not sorry to see such a paper signed. He answered that he was sorry the Queen of Scots had made it necessary, but that it was better that the guilty should suffer than the innocent. She told him to take the warrant to the Chancellor, get it sealed as quietly as possible, say nothing about it, and send it to the persons who were to see the execution done. She desired to be troubled no more about it till all was over.

Davison, feeling uncomfortable about the tremendous responsibility laid upon him, went to Burghley, who called together Leicester, Howard, Hunsdon, Cobham, Derby, and Sir Francis Knollys.

Burghley induced them all to share with him and Davison the risk of carrying the warrant to execution. They all seemed to anticipate that as soon as the Queen of Scots was beheaded, Elizabeth would endeavour to suggest that the thing was done without, if not contrary to, her intention.

She wanted it done, but she wanted others than herself to take the blame, if blame there were. No sooner was the execution over than she began expressing pretended dismay and indignation, swearing that Davison had betrayed her.

Perceiving that such protestations would not be accepted by Europe unless some culprit was punished, she threw the helpless Davison into the Tower. All the ministers besought her to pause before taking such a dreadful step with a faithful servant. She stormed and raged at them, and ordered Burghley out of her sight. Then she tried to get the judges to condemn him, but only partially succeeded; the judges, seeing that to acquit Davison altogether would be to condemn the Queen, fined him ten thousand marks, but she dismissed the blameless man from all public service, she enforced the fine, his family were ruined, and he was left to languish in the Tower. When after about two months Burghley ventured into her presence, we learn that "Her Majesty entered into marvellous cruel speeches with the Lord Treasurer, calling him traitor, false dissembler, and wicked wretch, commanding him to avoid her presence, and all about the death of the Scottish queen." And so she railed like a fish-wife at the great

and long-suffering minister, who for years had served her and his country with noble wisdom and stainless probity.

But in spite of all this no one was deceived who did not wish to be.

"Elizabeth's dissimulation," says Hume, "was so gross, that it could deceive nobody who was not previously resolved to be blinded."

Her letter to James King of Scotland, which is printed by Camden, announcing the execution, fixes indelible perfidy upon her.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

Would God thou knowest, yet fittest not, with what incomparable grief my mind is perplexed for this lamentable event which is happened contrary to my meaning, which for that my pen trembleth to mention you shall fully understand by this my kinsman.*

I pray you that as God, and many others, can witness my innocency in this matter, so you will believe that, if I had commanded it, I would never deny it. I am not so faint-hearted, that for terrour I should fear to do the thing which is just, nor so base or unnobly minded. . . .

Persuade yourself for truth, that as I know this is happened deservedly, so if I had intended it, I would not have laid it upon others.

No more will I impute to myself that which I never thought.

Whenever Elizabeth was telling the most patent falsehoods she invariably called God to witness her veracity. True greatness of character is incompatible with the heartless desertion and betrayal of those who served her faithfully, with continual moral cowardice, and with habits of finished mendacity.

That she was really reluctant to send Mary Queen of Scots to the block is clear, for it must be remembered to her credit that throughout the whole time of the latter's residence in England Elizabeth never entertained any animosity of a personal kind towards her, although Mary never ceased her plotting and nursed in her heart against Elizabeth an undying hatred.

A very unlovely characteristic of Elizabeth was her parsimonious meanness; not even urgent danger to the country could move her to the most absolute necessary expenditure.

When the Spanish Armada was expected in the Channel Elizabeth deliberately starved the sailors in her

* Sir Robert Carey, who carried the letter to Scotland.

fleet, and gave them such food that they contracted dysentery from it. "Unable," says Froude, "to endure the sight of their patient suffering, Drake and Howard ordered wine and arrowroot at Plymouth on their own responsibility for the sick beds. When all was over, the Queen called them to a sharp account for an extravagance which had saved possibly a thousand brave men to fight for her. Howard disdained to defend himself, and paid the bill out of his own purse."

She was physically as brave as a lion, and quite unterrified by frequent plots to assassinate her. But many, if not most, people are physically brave, which is a quality they share with tigers and many other animals, and also with some criminals, and most beetles. It will not suffice by itself to make anyone great.

The illustrious statesmen, writers, and men of action, who surrounded her, have raised her in the public parlance to a position of greatness that in truth shines from her only by reflection from the glory of that splendid race of men about her.

The period has justly been designated in common speech as "the great reign of Elizabeth," and this has served to confer upon the Queen herself a reputation for personal grandeur of character which she never at all deserved.*

* I am aware that in one of my books I allude to "the great Elizabeth," thus exemplifying in myself the force of thoughtless custom !

"The Editor Regrets—"

By Rowland Burgess

. . . be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee . . .—*Timon of Athens.*

I HAVE been a collector all my life—or at least, for as much of it as I can remember. At a very early age I undertook to get a child into an orphanage by accumulating one million used postage stamps—there was a fable current at the time that this could be done—but I abandoned the attempt after a while, when the nature of the undertaking dawned upon me.

Then there were silkworms. Does one collect silkworms, by the way, or are they pets? At any rate, I collected the silk they spun, which, I was told, was worth a guinea an ounce; but I never sold any. This involved the collection of mulberry leaves for fodder, which proved too much for me, as mulberry trees were scarce in town.

I only managed to rear one brood; the eggs, stuck tight to sheets of paper, I placed on the kitchen mantelpiece over the range to hatch, to the great disgust of the cook.

I am afraid that I lost much of my young stock, as they often hatched at untimely seasons.

Bronzes, of course, I collected; but I fear that most of the specimens which I acquired passed across the counter of the sweet shop, rather than into the collecting box.

Then foreign stamps. Where are those glorious albums now?

My present collection is of quite a different nature, although it is contained in a large black-bound album. It resembles in some respects, though it is different in kind, the cracked and empty shells which my small nephew exhibits with pride as a collection of birds' eggs.

My specimens are as varied in their size and markings; some are more pointed, and some more blunt, than

others; all of them ring hollow, as they are but the empty symbols of the wreck of fond hopes and labour lost.

They come to me by every post. Each heavy envelope addressed in my own handwriting, that falls with a dull sickening thud upon the doormat, bears within it a fresh specimen tucked under the paper-clip which binds together the outpourings of my heart.

When first they came to me, I used to destroy them hastily, and hide the type-written pages in a drawer, for very shame.

With the passing of years I have grown more callous, and now when my sins come home to roost they are driven forth once more upon the world, and still again, until haply they return no more, and my soul rejoiceth.

Expressions of regret should not be lightly cast aside as worthless. What a wealth of human sympathy lies behind the few kind words with which the sender strives to temper the chill blast of adversity! Behind them lies the Editor—who is the father of them!

What though it be a printed slip? The printed word is but a vehicle for the wider dissemination of the writer's views; a gracious thought, or a kindly action loses nothing by repetition.

These sympathetic missives teem with character, if we will but look for it, and give us much to ponder over.

Take the first one in my collection.

It is printed upon a small, thin slip of paper, about the size of a matchbox; from this we may gather that the Editor is a shrewd man of business, abhorring waste in any form—even of words:

"The Editor of ———— regrets that he is unable to use the accompanying contribution."

This is rather a crude specimen—embryonic, in fact—but it supplies the *leit-motif* of grief, the subtle strain of regret which one finds woven into the many variations of the theme by the more able composers. For this reason alone have I included it in my album. Even in a collection of butterflies, the humble "Cabbage White" should find a place, as surely as the "Purple Emperor."

The next specimen shows an amplification, rather than a variation of the theme:

"The Editor regrets that the enclosed contribution is

unsuitable for the ————, and he, therefore, returns it with many thanks."

Here we seem to see the first strivings of the earth-bound soul toward the light. Somehow, it suggests that the Editor has at least read the article, and that only after mature consideration has he come to his regrettable decision.

Gratitude is hinted at, that rare and refreshing quality in the recipient of favours which tempers the weariness of well-doing. Send him along something else.

This quality is still more apparent in the next specimen:

"The editor of ———— is extremely obliged for the offer of your paper, which he is sorry that he cannot accept for publication."

We notice as we ascend the scale that as the elegance of the language increases, so does the quality of the paper, and the width of margin. This one is printed in script, instead of in Roman characters, which gives it a certain distinction; although the effect is somewhat marred by a flamboyant heading.

This Editor allows his personality to peep through the print. He is large-hearted, and places gratitude first among the virtues of humanity. He is modest, as are all truly great men; you will have observed that he does not refer to himself with a capital E—although this may be but a printer's error.

I should imagine that he wears horn-rimmed spectacles when at work; that he is kind to dumb animals, and never swears at his subordinates, unless under the provocation of press day.

He has rather broken with convention in his style; it is less formal and more intimate. Instead of vain regret, he expresses sorrow, which one feels is from the heart; there are other little touches which reveal the real heart of the man.

I have never met an editor in the flesh, but I might one day, greatly daring, venture into the presence of this one, confident of a kindly reception.

Here is another from a man in whom the milk of human kindness is still more abundant. First comes the pill:

"The Editor thanks you for your kind offer of the

enclosed contribution, which he very much regrets that he is unable to accept."

Then follows the jam:

"This refusal in no way reflects upon the merits of the contribution, but merely indicates that it is unsuitable for this particular magazine."

Really kind and thoughtful, is it not? There is quite a paternal air about it; "this hurts me, my dear boy, far more than it does you." Observe the careful manner in which he goes out of his way to avoid wounding the tender susceptibilities of the budding author! I could believe anything of such a man. He would apologize to the worm as he impaled it on the hook.

In his second paragraph there is a grain of encouragement.

Evidently I have been attempting to fit the square peg into the round hole. I may be able to shave off the edges, or, if that seems likely to weaken the peg unduly, I must follow the advice of a certain "Old Contemptible" and seek a "better 'ole."

Of course, if the thing is entirely shapeless—well, into the fire with it. May the Goddess *Athena* grant more wisdom, and may inspiration arise from the ashes of the sacrifice. Sacrifice strengthens the soul, and helps us along the upward path; and this is a great one, never doubt it. Where is the writer who can watch unmoved the written sheets, children of his brain, brought forth in pain and labour, writhe and shrivel in the Beltane fire?

Chance words and phrases which he thought immortal stand out upon the blackening pages, and photograph themselves upon his brain while the paper reddens to destruction.

Even then, the words may endure for a moment, before the whole crumbles to grey ash. . . .

Bear with me for a moment; my glasses have become blurred.

* * * * *

Thank you. I had no idea when I commenced that these scraps of paper would have the power to move me so deeply.

We will consider another of them, and see whither it will lead us.

The Editor who penned this one, or rather, had it printed, is a cheery optimist. His slogan is "Try, try again."

The load of regret under which he labours has failed to sadden him; the document finishes upon a note of cordial invitation, which spurs us on to high endeavour.

It begins in the normal manner:

"The Editor regrets," etc.—there is no need to recapitulate; but when he has administered the knock-down blow, he holds out a helping hand to raise one to one's feet: "—— he will always be pleased to consider any future contributions which you may care to send him."

Care to send him! Flattering indeed! He evidently believes that my work is in such demand that I shall only be able to spare him a trifle now and then.

He is the man for my money—or, rather, I am the man for his. Let us be up and doing. Rattle the keys of the typewriter until the ribbon smokes. Reel off the stories and pile up the agony. Ladle out the sentiment. Tell him how "like a wounded bird, returning to her nest after long and weary flight, she droops in the shelter of his manly arms, and with her tear-stained face hidden on his bosom, she cries all down his shirt-front." Don't be afraid of it; warm up the treacle, and pour it through the mass; sweeten to taste, and don't forget the pepper and salt—or the mustard. Cut into lumps of convenient size, bake by the open fire of passion, and serve hot. Take the girl of irresistible attraction, and the man of immovable resistance, throw them at one another, gather up the fragments of two broken lives and shovel them in. He will consider them—and probably return them. Then try the detective of supernatural insight, who is rude to his clients—mostly Dukes—and makes rings round the official police until they are giddy. This may please him. If not, there remains the "Nature story." Give him the life history of "Wriglum the Earthworm." Tell him how she was born in a cosy nest, deep down among the roots of a rose bush, and lived with her brothers and sisters, a squirming mass of playful wormlets, until she was fully slimed; her naïve astonishment at the size of the world on her emergence; her thrilling escapes from the beak of the early bird by her marvellous agility.

Write of her mating, the birth of her young, and, if you like, her death and burial in the stomach of a trout.

These stories are always popular.

If even this comes back, and you still remain sane, write——; but I am side-slipping again, and giving away professional secrets. I must pause awhile and collect my thoughts.

* * * * *

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Bow your head, and shade your eyes, my friend, while we read together this message from the dead. You will see that I have drawn around it a decent border of black.

Little thinking, I had sent one of my brightest efforts to an old friend, who had been good to me in the past.

It came back to me from a firm of publishers with this poignant message, pathetic in its very simplicity :

"The ———— magazine was discontinued six months ago."

No more—yet enough to wring my heart. The deepest grief is inarticulate.

Yet why should I grieve at the passing of a friend ?

Nothing that has once existed is ever wholly lost. Though the body may decay, the soul survives. I shall no doubt meet the Editor again in the spirit. In fact, I believe I have already done so; there is one recurring message of regret which comes to me that has the old familiar ring.

Therefore, let us not despair, but strive ever onward and upward. Peace to the ashes of the departed.

* * * * *

We now move into a different atmosphere—one of refinement and culture.

Observe the exquisite taste displayed in this communication; the superb quality of the half-sheet of note-paper, faintly tinted, with the heading discreetly stamped —not printed—in very small letters of a deeper shade on the top right-hand corner.

In the visual centre—that is, slightly above the actual centre of the sheet—appear two lines of print in small type, thanking me in well-chosen language for the privilege of seeing my paper, regretting, as usual, the Editor's inability to publish it.

I will not quote the precise wording, lest some groundling plagiarize it.

All is neat, dignified, and expensive. One feels almost as though one had been guilty of a *faux pas* in enclosing stamps for the return; it seems rather like offering a tip to one's host instead of to the butler.

This specimen has neither the crudity of the one first quoted nor the warm personal appeal of some of the others. Courteously correct, and freezingly polite, it is almost inhuman in its cold detachment.

Upon re-reading the returned article I see why it has been refused; there is a split infinitive upon the first page!

Almost I can see the Editor raise his eyebrows when he comes to it, and the magnificent gesture with which he casts aside the offending typescript.

I am humbled to the dust; who am I, that I should dare to storm the heights of Olympus with the pen for my only weapon?

* * * * *

Here is one that deserves to be quoted, as a perfect specimen of its kind. It hails from across the Atlantic, where, as we know, they improve upon our best:

"We thank you for the opportunity you have given us of reading your paper. Our arrangements are completed for several months ahead, and we are sorry that our plans for the future do not admit of our using a contribution of this nature, which we, therefore, return to you, with the Editor's compliments."

Seldom, indeed, is one let down so lightly. Possibly the American author is of a more sensitive type than are we, and unless carefully handled, apt to call upon the Editor, with unpleasant results for one or other of them.

I had a certain difficulty in classifying this specimen; at first it appeared to be a typewritten letter.

My article was of an unusual character, and the wording of the reply suggested that the Editor had given it his special consideration. Closer examination, however, revealed the typing as but camouflaged print, and it is, therefore, fair game.

* * * * *

Some there are in my album in a class apart, which I prize more than all; but I may not quote them.

"THE EDITOR REGRETS——"

Refusals, certainly, but they come as welcome harbingers of spring to the new writer struggling through the winter of discontent. They do not of themselves make a glorious summer, but, as do the swallows, they bear with them the promise of fairer weather to come.

I refer to the kindly personal letters which some Editors (alas ! too few) send to me at times in place of the printed form, pointing out my faults; sometimes even offering suggestions for improvement, which I have found of the greatest value.

I welcome them in a spirit of humility and gratitude; the more gratefully as one cannot but realize that the Editor is a busy man, and that criticism of rejected contributions forms no part of his official duties.

These letters stand for the renewal of hope, when faith in one's own powers is at a low ebb.

* * * * *

I have another book, much smaller, bound in red and gold; this enshrines a meagre collection of letters beginning with the words:

"The Editor has much pleasure——"

I wonder which book I shall have to open when I receive the Editor's reply to the offer of this MS.; the black or the red ?

The Danish Crofter

By Richard Thirsk

EVER since the introduction of the phrase "Three acres and a cow!" the subject of small holdings has loomed largely in discussions of the land problem. The catchword was invented to stem the rush from the countryside to the towns. Prophets warned us of the social and economic consequences that would result from this migration. But, so long as trade continued to flourish, nobody heeded the prophets. They and their prophecies were forgotten until the slump came and industry could no longer support those who had crowded into the towns. Then it was suggested that the people must be persuaded to return to the countryside. The bait was "Three acres and a cow!" disguised, to meet modern requirements, as small holdings. It was seriously suggested that some scheme by which our people might acquire a proprietary interest in agriculture was the only solution of the problem of unemployment.

Denmark figured largely in the loose talk about the introduction of small holdings in the United Kingdom. It was cited as a Utopian State in which the land is owned by those who cultivate it; where the population is scattered throughout the country districts and not crowded into cities. Hence it follows that Denmark, according to these authorities, is the most happily situated of all European countries to-day, for while her neighbours are grappling with the serious menace of unemployment, her only concern is how to supply the increasing demands. The production of butter, bacon, and eggs, her staple industry, steadily increases, conquering fresh markets all over the world, while the manufacturer—the small holder—waxes so rich that his cottage is being transformed into a villa, his daughters play Grieg between milking times, and he has built a garage for his motor-car.

While the colouring may be somewhat lavish, it must in fairness be admitted that the picture is not much overdrawn. Denmark owes its national prosperity to its

small holders, or crofters as I prefer to call them in this paper. Before their advent it was one of the poorest countries in Europe. It had no industries, and the soil was considered too poor to repay the labour and expense of cultivating it. Less than half a century ago Danish butter was used for greasing masts, and fetched a corresponding price. With the introduction of intensive cultivation and the conversion of farms and crofts into factories, conducted and controlled according to the most approved scientific methods, conditions rapidly improved, until the proud Dane boasted that he commanded the highest prices in the American and Continental markets for his standardized products.

The country acknowledges that much of this success is due to the activities of the crofter, and recognizes in him a national asset. Small holdings schemes are fostered and encouraged by the Government to such an extent that there are those who complain that the crofter is being pampered. However this may be, he appreciates the assistance, and claims that he has earned his right to it, and that it will only be in the public interest if he ultimately takes over all the land—which he bids fair to do in the not far distant future. He, the crofter, claims all credit to himself for having started the movement that owes its inception to the natural desire of a few farm labourers to own a few acres of land, which they bought out of their savings. With the assistance of their families they cultivated their plots in the intervals when they were not employed at the "big farm." They worked hard, often reclaiming moorland and bog, and had the satisfaction of earning more from their labours than was necessary for their requirements.

Encouraged by the success attending their neighbours, others joined in the movement, which rapidly developed in spite of a storm of public opinion raised against it. In those days Denmark was as stubbornly conservative on questions affecting the land as we are in England; crofters were condemned as so many communists, and the breaking-up of established farms into small holdings was a subject to be dismissed as a flagrant form of national suicide.

How the crofter overcame this prejudice and revolu-

tionized the old order of things forms an interesting chapter in the history of small holdings. The explanation may be summed up in the one word "success." He made good—economically, numerically and politically—and his prosperity has become so essential to the national well-being that it is questionable if Denmark could exist to-day without its crofters. They have purchased all the so-called "free land"—that is where there is no entail. They have taken over all the land which formerly belonged to the church, and, when still more room was wanted for expansion, they recently compelled the Government to pass an Act abolishing the law of entail. At the same time, since the crofters' votes dominate in the councils of the Kingdom, measures were sanctioned by which taxation has been increased to such an extent that the unfortunate inheritors of landed property have been obliged to sell large parts of their estates to meet these demands.

It is not the object of this paper to criticize the various arguments for or against the introduction of a scheme or system of small-holding settlements in this country. A short explanation of the Danish system, as I have seen it in operation and studied at first-hand during the last ten years, may be helpful to those interested in the subject. But let me emphasize here that small holdings must not be confused with schemes for the relief of unemployment. The town dweller returning to the land is, according to Danish experience, in nine cases out of ten a failure. It is the personal, or rather the fitting human element which alone makes for success. Enthusiasm, unsupported by practical experience, is but a poor asset in all small-holding undertakings.

Some idea of the Danish system may be gathered from the following practical illustration. Recently the Crofters' Union, in one of the districts in which this Union operates, purchased an estate comprising about one thousand acres of arable land and woodland, for the sum of £20,000. Part of this estate was divided into fifty small holdings, varying from ten to twenty acres. The remainder, what might be called the original home farm, together with the buildings standing on it, was left intact and retained by the Crofters' Union. This has been

converted into a school where crofters, those who have had many years' experience as well as beginners, receive theoretical and practical instruction in their business, and where the most approved modern methods are tested and made adaptable to local conditions.

Under the personal supervision of the members of the district committee of the Crofters' Union suitable dwellings, cowsheds, and outhouses were built on the allotments. This committee was also responsible for fixing prices to be paid for the allotments and for the selection of suitable owners. It was also empowered to take drastic action in the event of one or other of its nominees neglecting his croft or proving undesirable. Subsequent sales or exchange of the allotments could not be effected without the approval of this committee. This clause was introduced to prevent speculation in small holdings, and it is so strictly observed that even the son of a deceased crofter may not inherit unless he is approved by the proper authorities. According to the inheritance law of Denmark, property is divided among the members of the family or nearest relatives, though not necessarily in equal proportion.

After the completion of improvements this estate was valued at £33,700—an increase of £13,700, representing the cost of houses and conveniences built on it. The State, which had advanced funds for the purchase and for the buildings erected, had an interest in the scheme representing something like one-half of the total value. A sum corresponding to the value of his allotment is refunded to the State by the purchaser in yearly instalments. All that the approved crofter is required to pay at the time of purchase is one quarter of the total cost—the price fixed by the committee of the Crofters' Union. The State, through its authorized banks, lends the remaining three quarters of the purchase price at the nominal rate of interest of 4 per cent. per annum for the first ten years. Thereafter it automatically increases to 5 per cent. per annum until the debt is repaid. As 1½ per cent. of the interest paid goes into a sinking fund for redeeming the debt, the crofter who pays interest regularly can reckon how many years it will take before he becomes the undisputed owner of his holding. If he prefers he may pay

down a lump sum, but, considering the low rate of interest, this is bad business; he can employ any surplus money he may possess to better advantage. The only conditions laid down by the State, besides approval by the local representatives of the Crofters' Union, are that applicants must not be under twenty-five years of age or over fifty-five, and that they must have had at least three years' practical experience on the land. Women enjoy equal rights with men, and are entitled to take up small holdings on exactly the same conditions.

This estate which, run according to the old rule-of-thumb methods, formerly supported six families—the owner and his labourers—now gives employment to fifty families, besides a school with its experimental and teaching staffs. I have seen these crofters at work and at play, becoming so intimate with them that they have given me reports of their methods and copies of their yearly accounts, some of which are included in this paper. As far as I am able to judge they enjoy a degree of comfort unknown in the towns. They have to work hard, especially during seed time and harvest, yet the only grumble I have heard has been about the weather. They take a pride in themselves and their possessions, and willingly lend their neighbours a hand, borrowing each other's implements, which are as freely lent. In fact many of the more expensive farming implements are common property, and the men who are proficient in working these lend their services to their neighbours, while the latter repay by giving their labour in other branches of the industry. In a word, they are born co-operators.

Herein lies the secret of the Danish crofters' success—in co-operation. The co-operative creamery cart collects the milk at his door, the co-operative slaughtery sends for his pigs, and the co-operative egg exporter comes round regularly for the eggs. These societies, in all of which the crofter is a shareholder, relieve him of the worry of marketing his produce, leaving him free to devote his time and energy to production. It is these societies which standardize the raw material coming from the farmer and crofter, so that Danish produce is of a uniform quality, no matter from which part of the country it may come.

Take, for instance, the handling of milk. When it arrives at the creamery it is weighed before being separated. The skimmed milk is sent back to the producer to be given to the pigs, while the cream is made into butter. This is exported, and at the end of the month the producer is credited with the sum for which it was sold, less cost of production and marketing. That is to say, the producer is paid on the selling price of the butter manufactured from the quantity of milk delivered by him. All members of the co-operative creamery are paid according to the same scale, and in order that the milk delivered at the creamery is kept up to a uniform standard percentage of fat, it is periodically tested by experts. Should the quality be found to be below standard, the owner is advised what change to make in the proportion of fat producers mixed with the feed. For the purpose of this examination each cow is treated separately, and her record, together with the quantity of milk she gives, is carefully recorded on a board at the foot of the stall. As soon as she begins to show signs of falling off, either in quantity or quality, she is sent to market.

The same thoroughness applies to the breeding of pigs. Slaughteries require that they must not be over 200 lb. weight, nor under 150, nor must they be too old on attaining this weight. Hence feeders pass them over the scale once a week from the time they are a month old, sorting them out and varying their feed according to growth.

Eggs, it is interesting to note, are bought by weight. They are carefully examined before being accepted for export or preservation, and any that do not come up to standard, cracked, stale, or soft shell, are sold locally at a greatly reduced price. By a system of stamping it is possible to locate the district from which the eggs were collected and the date.

These are briefly the general principles which have contributed to make small holdings a success in Denmark. As illustrations of the more human side of the subject I might give the following instances. Here is the life-story and actual experience of a crofter who began in 1883 with a 7-acre plot which he increased to 15 acres ten years later, four of which were peat bog. At the beginning, and for many years after taking over the croft, he continued to

work as a labourer at the "big farm." In order to buy the ground he was obliged to borrow £500 on the security of the holding, his capital then amounting to less than £200. The cottage belonging to the property, providing living accommodation for his family at one end with only a partition wall separating it from the cow-house, piggery, and hen-roost, was in such a ruinous condition, that it could not be insured for more than £50. The land was similarly neglected and exhausted.

For the first few years crops were poor, but after the fields had been thoroughly cleansed and liberally supplied with chemical and other manures, they began to yield a profit. The four acres of peat bog were also cultivated, and after something like fifteen years this crofter had not only repaid the loan, he had also built a new house for his family, a modern cow-house, stable, and other out-buildings, which were insured for £500.

Careful accounts, dating from 1899, have been kept of all transactions. In that year he placed in the bank £64 3s. 1d., after paying all charges and supplying the needs of his family—a wife and three children. His record yearly profit, £341 4s. 4d., was made in 1915, when the Danes made extraordinary profits out of the belligerents. The following is a copy of his latest yearly account, prepared for taxation purposes:—

Income.

By sale of foal	£18	0	0
,, cattle	65	8	0
,, pigs	48	15	9
,, eggs	9	11	4
,, milk	90	18	10
,, straw and potatoes	13	10	5
	£246	4	4

Expenses.

Housekeeping	£25	10	2
Purchase of cattle	36	0	0
,, milk	4	9	10
,, cattle cake	3	18	10
Insurance and taxes	14	5	11
Repairs (house, roof)	1	2	3
Wages (help at harvest)	3	14	8
Clothes	4	19	5
Other expenses (newspapers, etc.)	3	0	0
	£97	1	1
Deposited in bank	149	3	3
	£246	4	4

Stock: 1 horse, 5 cows, 2 heifers, 1 calf, 2 breeding sows, 70 hens.

It should be explained that in the housekeeping account no allowance is made for milk, eggs, and poultry taken from the farm for kitchen use. Peat from the bog was used for heating, costing nothing more than the labour. The small outlay on clothing is accounted for by the fact that at the date of the last account the family had left home to serve elsewhere. I also challenged the small amount paid for cattle cake and was informed that a supply had been carried over from the previous year, together with quantities of artificial manure and seed. These represent a value of some £40, which would otherwise have been added to the expenses account. Even if we deduct this from deposits at the bank there is still a handsome net profit left on the combined labours of a man of sixty-five and his wife. It will be noticed that no allowance is made for rent in the above account, and it should be emphasized that the major part of their food is taken from their fields, which is not charged.

Crop Succession.

1. ½ root crop, ½ fodder mixture.
2. Barley.
3. Root crop.
4. ½ fodder mixture, ½ rye.
5. Hay.
6. Oats.
7. Clover and grass.

Soil light, somewhat cold in parts.

Another illustration. The following translation of a letter addressed to me requires no preface :—

I have pleasure in sending you the information requested.

I was born in 1883. My father is a clockmaker in a little country town, and cultivates a small piece of land. We are seven brothers and sisters. All of us went out to service early to earn our food and help buy our clothes. I began when I was ten. My first pay—for a whole summer—was one sovereign. I did not go out to work in the winter months until I was confirmed, at the age of fourteen. Since then I have never lived at home. The first year after my confirmation I minded cattle and earned £4 5s. Out of this I spent £3 5s. on clothes and put the rest in the savings bank. My wage increased from year to year and so did my savings-bank credit.

At one place I remained for eleven and a half years. My master was a clever, practical man who knew how to interest his servants in their work. From him I got all my practical ideas. My theoretical education I got from books and newspaper articles.

After finishing my military service at Copenhagen, I got a situation there. But town life was not agreeable to me as I am accustomed to work in the "free nature." So I returned to Jutland and took service with a farmer who became my father-in-law. Afterwards I managed a farm for a widow for two years. She paid me £26 5s. a year, besides food and lodging. This was considered good money in those days; not many got better wages, though they are higher now.

My wife, who belongs to a family of seven, was born in 1891. Her mother died when my wife was a child and the father married again and had two more children by the second marriage. When my wife was eighteen she took service at the farm where I was for eleven and a-half years. We were married in 1912.

We bought a small place for £855, plus £20 interest until the December quarter. Our capital at that time was: £100 my wife inherited from her mother, £100 I had saved, and £5 my father gave me. We had to pay half the purchase price when we took possession. The other half remained as a first mortgage. The savings bank, against two sureties, lent me £150 at 5½ per cent. interest, to be paid off at the rate of £10 yearly. My father-in-law lent me £100 at 5 per cent. interest. In this way I was able to pay half and had a little over for working capital and necessaries. But things would not have gone so well with us if the dealer had not given me fodder and artificial manure on credit. The Farmers' Union also let me have pigs on credit.

As you see, my start was not too good. I began with a fairly heavy burden of debt. Yet, thanks to the kindness of everybody, I was soon able to improve my position. I began with five pigs in 1912; in 1914 I had thirty. In these two years my stock of cattle increased from nine to twelve, and I bought a cart, also a half part in a sowing machine. My working capital also improved. Then came the war. But 1914 did not help me much. On the other hand, 1915 gave me a big profit. I had electricity put in for lighting and power for £25, I bought a self-cleaning threshing machine for £15, and I deposited £35 in the bank after meeting all my obligations.

1916 was a still better year. At the end of it I had fifty pigs and fourteen cattle, £50 in the bank, a new cowshed and a tank for collecting cow-and-pig-wash at £81 5s., and a new outhouse at £11 5s.

1917 was the beginning of the bad years for Danish farmers. There was a shortage of oil cake and artificial manures. Still, I managed to put £150 into the bank and bought a piece of land for £20. But in the following year I had to reduce my stock to ten cattle, twenty-six pigs, and two Icelandic horses. In 1919 I was obliged to reduce my stock to less than half the number I should have. But in 1920 things began to pick up again.

These are my accounts for 1924:—

Income.

By sale of cattle	£97	9	8
,, milk	137	3	8
,, pigs	309	19	0
,, poultry	41	19	0
,, straw, etc.	13	3	6
Income from other sources	35	9	3
	£635	4	1

Outlay.

Purchase of cattle cake	£62	6	6
,, seed and manure	25	9	4
,, corn and maize	212	4	3
Interest on loan, taxes and wages	50	19	6
Diverse expenses	12	10	4
Purchase of cow	21	5	0
Clothes	13	3	7
Insurance and new furniture	71	1	7
	£469	4	0
Deposited in savings bank	150	0	0
Balance in hand	16	4	0

The size of my holding is 25 acres. Two acres are permanent meadow; all the rest is arable, which I have divided into eight large and five small fields.

The large fields I cultivate in the following rotation :—

1. ½ winter grain (artificial manure and cow-wash), ½ mixed grain (no manure).
2. Turnips (artificial and stable manure, also cow-wash).
3. Mixed grain (no manure).
4. Root crop (artificial and stable manure, also cow-wash).
5. Barley (no manure).
6. Oats and clover (artificial and stable manure).
7. Grass.
8. ½ root crop (artificial and stable manure, also cow-wash), ½ grass (cow-wash).

Cultivation rotation of small fields :—

1. Winter grain (artificial manure and cow-wash).
2. Fodder (cow-wash).
3. Root crop (artificial and stable manure, also cow-wash).
4. Fodder (cow-wash).
5. Root crop (artificial manure, stable, also cow-wash).

It is impossible for me to say precisely how much grain, roots and potatoes I harvest per acre, for I am in the habit of bringing in a cartload every now and then as I require it for feed.

Let me add that I hope you may find something in this that may be of use to the English. I am certain your country is passing through a trying period, and I trust, like most Danes, that you will soon get over it.

It is tempting to add to these personal evidences of the methods by which the Danish crofter had achieved success, and of his contentment with his lot. Let me conclude with the following, as an evidence that the battle is not always to the young. It is the story of an old couple of over seventy who brought up a family of five, all doing well in life, on a 9-acre allotment, which they continue to cultivate unaided. The husband began life as a bricklayer and invested his savings in a 4-acre plot at the time of his marriage in 1876. On this he built his home, borrowing £75 to enable him to purchase the material. For some years he continued to work at his trade, so that he merely assisted his wife on the croft during his spare time.

In 1909 he bought five more acres for £75 10s. Most of this was heath and bog, but he was able to devote his entire time to draining and improving. The work was hard, yet he had the satisfaction of increasing his stock from one to four cows. In addition he owns a horse, four breeding sows, a calf, twenty hens and six beehives. According to the latest valuation the land is valued at £500, while the buildings are insured for £200. The

balance-sheet for last year, after deducting £15 for depreciation, shows a net profit of £50.

For the benefit of aspiring crofters, and also to encourage thrift among those already established, special savings banks have been opened throughout the country districts, where even the smallest deposits are accepted. There are also high schools, schools of agriculture and dairy farming, in which education is practically free, being State supported. At these institutions crofters are taught the theoretical, practical and commercial aspects of their work, as well as the proper treatment of cattle. For those who cannot afford the time to attend these schools, courses of instruction are arranged during the summer and winter months, when there is a pause in farming operations. These courses are well attended by young men and women and by older crofters who are anxious to keep abreast of the times.

It is scarcely too much to say that Denmark owes its premier position as a dairy-farming country to the instruction given at these schools. Teachers, who are all specialists in their particular branch of knowledge, are selected with the greatest care and have to pass severe tests from time to time. Most of them have completed their studies abroad, learning other methods for the purpose of assimilating and applying these to improve, where possible, on the methods at home.

There are in Denmark over three hundred thousand crofters out of a population of less than four million inhabitants. Consequently their organization is one of the most powerful unions in the country. Its objects, apart from the primary function of all associations to protect the interests of its members, are educative and social—political might also be added. It publishes a helpful little paper, "The Crofter's Home," and it employs specialists in the various branches of agriculture, dairy farming, pig breeding, management of poultry, gardening, etc. These are the advisers to whom agriculturists may apply for advice and practical assistance. They travel the districts, becoming personally acquainted with the people, lecturing and arranging practical demonstration courses.

The consulting specialists work together with special committees, representing the different branches of the

industry. For instance, the field section committee, which concentrates on the study of seed, procuring the most suitable varieties for the local soil, arranged for thirty courses of practical instruction last year and over a hundred lectures. The plant section was responsible for nearly three hundred local manure experiments, ten of which were salt tests on growth, spraying experiments to prevent disease among potato plants; and it also organized fifty district exhibitions of field and garden produce raised by crofters. Of late the poultry section has concentrated on food experiments and is holding egg-laying experiments to ascertain results. The average number of eggs per hen per annum is 151. There are also committees which specialize in the improvement of stock, breed of horses, cattle, cows, pigs, goats, rabbits, and bees. Over a thousand lectures were given throughout the country last year, attended by something like a hundred thousand people, while five thousand crofters took active part in a hundred courses of practical instruction.

In this way the Danish crofter is afforded abundant opportunity of equipping himself with useful knowledge, and, what is of still more practical value to him, he is taught how to go to work to obtain the best results out of his land. With a view to encouraging him to keep abreast of the times, and as a reward for industry, yearly prizes are offered for the best kept croft in the various parishes. There is great competition for these distinctions, and the standard of excellence demanded by the judges is exceedingly high. Not only must the crops be well above the average and fields free of weeds, but the live stock, dwelling-house, outbuildings, and everything belonging to the croft must be in perfect order. In fact, the prize-winner may congratulate himself on being the owner of a model croft.

Even the social arrangements made by the Crofters' Union are of an educative character, encouraging a spirit of friendly rivalry and competition. Groups of members explore different parts of the country, get into touch with their fellows living at some distance and see other methods. Over ten thousand crofters and their families took part in these excursions last year, which lasted for two or three days. The State issues free railway tickets,

and as the visitors are usually the guests of the crofters they are visiting, the cost of these outings is negligible.

From the foregoing it may be gathered that life in the country, on a croft, is not as unprofitable and drab as most town dwellers are apt to imagine it. At any rate, the Danish crofter has no serious complaint to make against it. He is usually proud of his holding, works hard to improve it, conscious that he is benefiting himself, those dependent upon him, and the community. The life has many compensations for him, and he does not look upon it as a ceaseless, grim struggle to wrest a livelihood out of the soil. It affords him many pleasures beside the satisfaction of being his own master. Even the winter evenings are never too dull or long. He loves to see and be seen at dances, and in the surrounding villages there is usually a succession of entertainments, at many of which he contributes to the programme. I have listened to some excellent orchestral concerts at which all the performers were crofters, and have seen them give some creditable dramatic performances. Besides his entertainments, the Danish crofter has the social gift, and though he may be as hard as nails at driving a bargain, for every penny counts, he receives his friends with open-handed hospitality. Indeed, it may truly be said of him that he gets more solid satisfaction and wholesome amusement out of life than do most people.

The Pink Cups

By A. R. White

MRS. MURPHY stood thoughtfully in the door of her cottage. She looked like a large, animated feather-bed which had been tied somewhat carelessly in the middle. Her toilet was always a trouble to her, for when she got herself firmly tied up at one point she was liable to burst out at another.

To-day her face wore a pensive air of trouble. It was not her bills, for she had never been out of debt, and there was no sense in worrying about the like of that; it was not her children, although the house was full of them—they were no worse than other people's children; it was not even Tam, her constant aggravation as well as her husband, for, above all things, she prided herself on having married the wrong man.

She leaned over the half-door, and thought of all the things she wanted and couldn't get. An outside car and her own servant-boy sitting in the dickey, a silk dress, and two rows of beautiful teeth, white, and small, and even, which she had seen in a glass case at a dentist's house in town. These and many more—but, above and beyond all, she wanted the set of china teacups which lay in the corner of the pedlar's basket.

She knew she could not buy them. Those beautiful little cups with the pink roses ringed round them would never be hers. They were as far away from her as the stars in the sky, but if Mrs. Brady of the Whinny Hill got them she felt it would be her death.

John Smith had come to her door week after week with the rosy cups laid in shining coils in the corner of his basket. He had seen the longing in her eyes and had dropped judicious hints of how Mrs. Brady was dying to get them for her parlour cupboard, and was saving up for them unbeknownst to her man.

Mrs. Murphy had a child's love and longing for pretty things. She dreamt of the teacups by day and by night. The thought of them slid in among her prayers and

invaded her most devout moments in church. But how was the like of her to pay such a price? The tormenting question followed her all day round and round the little kitchen. There was only one way, and it seemed to her as heinous as a crime.

But one day the pedlar came to her door, and the pink cups looked more beautiful and bewitching than ever. He pressed her with grave nods and shakes of the head, and glances in the direction of Whinny Hill which, to her, were more dreadful than words. Mrs. Murphy opened her mouth and spoke recklessly:

"Well—maybe—when I sell the ducks——"

She said it in order to get rid of him, but the words lodged themselves dangerously in her brain.

To-day she leaned over the half-door and thought moodily of these things. . . . The children's bare feet and the bill in the shop would have to be seen to the moment the ducks were sold. And Mrs. Brady would get the cups—unless John Smith tripped going home over the stile some night, and tumbled his basket, as he had done once before when he had a drop of drink in. If the cups were smashed, Mrs. Brady couldn't get them—that was clear. Mrs. Murphy lifted her head and felt that the situation at least had hope.

"Good evenin', ma'am dear," a soft voice said in her ear. "How are you doin' the day? And how is Mr. Murphy? And how is that fine young son of yours in America? And is Mary as good-looking as ever——"

Mrs. Murphy was startled. She had not heard the pedlar approach. "Look here, my fine fellow," she said, turning on him furiously, "the half of the manners would do you when you come to my door and you an old torment pedlin' the roads and thievin' and roguin' the world with the delf in your basket twict as high as Hoggs or McBurneys, the oldest firrums in the lamps of Belfast, and your old jugs and mugs fallin' to pieces in people's hands, did you think we were all dead with your soft soap and your 'how are yous'?"

"Lord bless us!" exclaimed the pedlar, laying his basket down on the step, "that's a salute and a half! What has come over you, woman dear, and you the customer I think the most of——"

"None of your blarneyin' for me," said Mrs. Murphy, wiping the sweat from her brow. "I don't want none of your old cracked china the day, John Smith."

"Just as you please, Mrs. Murphy dear, just as you please." He stooped down and rearranged his wares adroitly.

"My alive, have you never sold them ones yet?" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, pointing to a corner of his basket. "They must be queer and hard to get rid of."

John picked up a cup and held it at arm's length. It was ringed round with little pink roses.

"I could sell them every day in the week if I wanted to," he said, looking at her out of the corner of his eye, "but maybe I'll keep them a wee while yet, and that's the truth, Mrs. Murphy dear."

"The people's not going to be robbed by the like of you," she answered crossly; "sure, man dear, it's two prices you ask! I wish you'd quit comin' to my door with your old trash. I don't like them pink cups, I tell you. White china with a gold rim is the proper thing for company. Forby that, I've no money. It's the childer's feet I'm thinkin' of, and the soft weather near hard by."

"Everybody's after them," said John quietly, "I can hardly keep a hoult on them at all. Sure, I'm in no hurry for the money, ma'am dear."

"If I had a quate place to keep them in, itself—but sure the childer would have them destroyed on me in no time." She lifted her eyes, and looked wistfully about her. She could not bear to see him settling the little cup back into its place.

"I mightn't be round this road again," continued the pedlar gloomily; "we're here the day and away the morra. There's noan of us knows when our time will come, Mrs. Murphy."

"It's that hard to keep them dry-foot," she murmured, almost forgetting his presence. "Johnny's comin' through at the toes already, and wee Ned can't go to church till I get him shoes."

The pedlar lifted his basket on his arm. He was satisfied. Every sight of the pink cups weakened her resistance.

"What's your hurry, man dear?" said Mrs. Murphy,

recovering herself. "Come on in and have a sup of tay, you be to be dry."

"Not the day, thank you, Mrs. Murphy, not the day."

As she stood in the doorway watching him go down the road, a mischievous little sprite sprang from the eaves above her head, and sang into her ears, "When I sell the ducks—when I sell the ducks——" She shook it off impatiently and went into the house and shut the door.

Outside the village John Smith paused. He leaned his heavy basket against a tree. Over the hedge a large family of ducklings were disporting themselves in a pond. They dived, they stood on their heads in the water, they came up quacking. Mrs. Murphy's ducks. He had often seen them swirling round her doorstep in the evenings, impatiently demanding their supper. He stood looking at them with a friendly interest, and the mischief-loving little sprite, who had followed him down the road, nudged him and whispered, "When she sells the ducks—when she sells the ducks——" After that his basket felt lighter.

Mrs. Murphy sat by her quiet fire. The children were out and depression filled the little kitchen. What had possessed her that summer long ago to marry Tam Murphy, a man who worked on the roads? She had missed her foot. She, a McSpeddan born, had married beneath her. *She* buy the pink china, or the two rows of teeth, or the outside car? She named them all in her mind, but she thought only of the china. She might as well talk about buying the moon or the stars. She would go to her grave in poverty and disgrace, with nothing on her dresser worth looking at.

She thought of all the men she might have married. McKinstrey, the big farmer, who lived in a slated house at the top of the hill; Red Adam, who faded away in a decline because she wouldn't look at him; Andy John, who went to America and made a fortune. These three always headed the list, although she could add to it indefinitely if she had time to think things over. That they had not asked her to marry them was only because she had played her cards so badly. "If I had my life to live over again I wouldn't be so aisy ketched," she said aloud, and at this point the yellow delf dog on the mantelpiece with the long,

spotted ears, caught her eye, and she turned away somewhat abashed.

Tam had given her the yellow dog when they were married, and it had stood guard over the fireplace ever since. Sometimes its eyes seemed to follow her round the kitchen. There were moments when it made her feel uncomfortable.

"My man is a good man," said Mrs. Murphy in order to appease the yellow dog. "He's a good man—in a sense—and as sober as Buttermilk John himself; but he never has two sixpences to jingle together in his pocket, and he was no match for a McSpeddan, and never will be!"

The yellow dog looked quietly through her.

That year the ducks were sold a fortnight earlier than usual. The fowlman drove up to the door one morning and demanded them, and after a stormy battle of words, he went away with the poor bewildered ducklings in his cart, and Mrs. Murphy turned into the house, flushed and elate. She had wrung a grand price from Micky O'Laughlin, and he had never noticed that the wee one with the "topney" on its head was no size of a duck at all. She smiled when she thought of that.

She counted the money carefully, and put it up on the mantelpiece behind the yellow dog, and then she stood in the middle of the floor to recover herself. She was exhausted and breathless, but the money was in her hand to do what she liked with—she said it again and again—to do what she liked with. . . .

And suddenly, as she stood there, something cold and stern and rigid rose up in her mind and set the pink cups far from her. She drew in her breath sharply. The familiar walls of the little kitchen faded in that tense moment, even Mrs. Brady of the Whinny Hill was blotted out. The pink cups, shining and beautiful, passed into the long far distance—the length of the world away. . . And the new cold sternness swept over her, and dried her sudden tears.

She turned quickly and bent over the little brown tub which stood on a chair behind her, and began to wash potatoes for the children's dinner. She was late, and they would be in from school before it was ready. Something lent her fingers speed that morning. Her heavy body

moved nimbly to and fro in the kitchen. She wondered vaguely why it was, and then in a moment she knew John Smith was coming nearer and nearer with the pink cups in his basket. She must not see him. She must be away before he came.

It was not of him she was afraid, for she could rout him from her door any day with a storm of words, but she must not see the pink cups. If this strange new sternness melted at the sight of them—as well it might—she would be undone. The yellow dog could look his scorn, and the children's feet be bare and unprotected from the winter, but, with the money in her hand, and the pink cups at her door—Mrs. Murphy shivered with apprehension.

She scolded the children into eating their dinner quickly, and hustled them out of the house again. She told them she was going to the town, and they must be good childer, and play about till she came back, and dear knows what she would have in her basket for them. She washed her face, and combed out her thin, grey hair with trembling haste. At any moment she might hear a familiar knock at the door. She put on her rusty black coat, and the shabby hat with the straight, melancholy-looking feather, and going out quickly she locked the door, and left the key in a neighbour-house. She dared not look behind her for fear of seeing the short, stumpy figure of the pedlar with the heavy basket on his arm. Once she thought she heard him calling her, and she hurried on.

She passed out of the village, and along the familiar road. She, who walked slowly and ponderously, went quickly to-day. And she knew that with every step the pink cups were farther and farther away from her. The pink cups—the pink cups—her heart went crying after them, and then the cold, kind sternness enveloped her and she hurried on.

She glanced over the hedge as she passed and saw the empty pond where the ducks used to hold high revelry. The brown water was cold and quiet now. The muddy banks were covered with the print of soft, webbed little feet. Here and there in the grass a feather was sticking.

Late in the afternoon John Smith came into the village. He went straight to Mrs. Murphy's door. It

was locked. He put his basket down on the step, and looked about him. A little sprite in the eaves leaned over and watched him with amused interest.

Mrs. Murphy's five-year-old son, Ned, was playing with a group of children down the street. The pedlar called him to him.

"Where's your mother, Ned?" His voice was not as soft as usual.

"She's away to the town, and I dunno when she'll be back," answered Ned, who was in a hurry.

John took up his basket ill-humouredly. There was nothing else to be done. As he turned away something struck him.

"Ned," he called to the child who was running down the street, "tell me this. When do you think your mother will be for sellin' the ducks?"

Ned paused in his flight. "Dear help your wit!" he called back, "is it sellin' the ducks you're talkin' about? Sure, man dear, they were sold this mornin'—and isn't she away off to the town herself, with the money in her pocket to buy things for me and the rest of the childer?"

Up in the eaves the little sprite laughed.

Youth and Trade Unionism

By Donald Kaberry, a Young Conservative of Leeds

DURING the recent threatened coal strike the public have been wondering why a trade union consisting in a majority of honest working men should be allowed to be led by men who openly declare that their object is the seizure of the industry.

With few exceptions the English trade unions have leaders who are proud of the fact that they are "humble disciples of Lenin." These men control the destinies of millions of trade-union members. If it is thought the time is ripe for a strike, or if England looks like getting well on the road to prosperity, a word and some money from Moscow can cause them to go about the country calling strikes. There is sometimes a committee-meeting supposed to be representative of all districts, and a ballot of the men to see if they desire a strike. The ballot is supposed to be secret, but the men are carefully "prepared" and "instructed" how to vote, and heaven help a few who vote against it. During many recent strikes I have asked as many men as possible whether they really wanted to strike. The answer has generally been "No." Sometimes, of course, the answer has been "Yes," but when I have pressed them and shown them the other point of view they have usually said they really did not want to come out on strike. What a wonderful system of education we must have! Hardly any of the men I spoke to had a will or thought of their own. I know for a fact that more than half of those who told me they did not want a strike actually voted in favour of one. Upon asking them the reason for the change of mind the answer has generally been "that the leader said the masters were trying to make the workers into slaves," or some similar phrase beloved by Bolshevists. "Because the leader says so," is, indeed, the usual answer. The

country loses heavily in trade during a strike, the men lose much money which can never be made up (and never has been if one takes the trouble to work it out) out of the slight increase they may get, but the strike leader does not lose. There is ample evidence of this statement if one sees how these men live.

Now to the point. Everyone can see how the country is being ruined by the antics of the trade union leaders as a whole. No one can deny that in the last resort the workers may be justified in striking to protect their rights. A trade union is a legitimate protective association. It was the Conservative Party which made trade unions legal—a Liberal Government having made them illegal a few years earlier. If one were to tell this fact to a young member of a trade union he would undoubtedly laugh at you, and ask you to look at the leaders of the unions—either Socialists or Bolsheviks. Most youths who now join a union become Socialists, if not Bolsheviks. I doubt whether there are many trade union youths in the branches of the Junior Conservative Leagues.

If England is to be freed from the peril of political strikes the youth of the trade union movement must be captured from the Socialists. It is up to the Junior Conservatives to capture as many youths as possible entering a union, and in order to do this tactics will have to be altered. In my opinion a great mistake of the Conservative Party was to form "Labour" committees. Surely any member of the party should be at all meetings and mix freely with everyone in the party. The Labour Party was formed among the working classes, yet, although they are now getting recruits from the richer classes, they do not form "Educated" committees and keep them practically separated from the other members.

Half the personnel of a local Socialist committee are trade unionists. It may be perhaps that few of them do anything, but they feel that the Socialist Party is the party for them, in that they are looked after and put upon a committee with perhaps a few local councillors. If the Conservative Party would only put some trade unionists on their local executive committees they would soon get more trade unionist members. Instead they are often relegated to sit on the Labour committee,

which (if anything ever did show a difference between china and common pot) creates a distinct line of class and gives food to the Socialist orators. How, then, are the trade unions to be won? Not by statute law against the unions themselves, but by remembering the saying of the great democratic Conservative—Disraeli—who said: "The Youth of a nation are the trustees of Posterity." Now is the chance for the Junior Conservative movement to show its worth by getting hold of every youth who enters a factory or workshop. They must be captured by the personal appeal of youth to youth, and held by the proof of friendly interest. The sooner a few of them are introduced to our committees the better. Then they will not only learn themselves, but go out and teach the others.

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties, either in the same, or succeeding number. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Taungs Skull.

"D'ye ever read annything, Heddle?" asked Sergeant Murphy. "I mean annything besides the 'Daily Whoop' and the 'Evening Roar.' A book or that sort of thing?"

"Now and then," said Heddle defensively, "I've read a novel. Nat Gould."

"Oh," said the Sergeant. "Only that. Well, d'ye know? I've been spindin' the last week studyin' pure Science, Biology, Geology, and the divil knows what, and all about a poor old skull they've found in South Africa."

"A skull?" asked Heddle in surprise.

"Well, not a skull. A bit of wan," said the Sergeant, "and you'd never think, Heddle, what the min of science can do to-day. I'll tell you. Suppose there was an explosion here and four square inches of your cranium was blown into the next sthreet, what would happen? A policeman passin' by would think it had been dhropped be a Ford car and would boot it to wan side. But let a biologist get hold of it and in tin minutes he'd be able to say, 'It belonged to a five-fut nine man, with slopin' shoulders, and a tindincy to chilblains. He was in the licensed thrade and played bowls whin time allowed. His brain power was equal to Gladstone's whin Gladstone was about nine!" And so on. Why he could tell things about you that you wouldn't have the missus hear for a whole week's takin's."

"At it again, Sar'nt. The old leg-pulling," said Heddle sheepishly.

"The divil a leg-pullin'," replied the Sergeant. "It's the truth. Why they did it the other day with a bit of a skull no bigger than a walnut. They've shown that the unforchinit owner met his doom be an axe or some blunt insthrument fifty thousand years B.C. He had before this been a healthy lad, unkind to dumb animals, with a hereditary tindincy to adenoids. His brain measured nine cubic centipedes, which is equal to that of two gas inspectors. Only the profissor that carried out the post

mortem had to run for his thrain he'd have found out the fellah's Christian name and his golf handicap."

"Fifty thousand years B.C.?" repeated Heddle.

"Every year of it," said the Sergeant. "And even thin we scientists are concedin' something to popular prejudice.

"You see, it's the dhrawback to our work that brother scientists keep buttin' in and spoilin' our story. If I find a shinbone in a cave and say that the lad that owned it came to an abrupt ind wan hundhred thousand years ago, some intherferin' asthronomer will say that the whole world was three hundhred in the shade in thim days. That means I've to cut the time down to tin thousand years. Thin up comes a geologist with his little hammer, cracks a rock close by, puts a bit of it in his mouth and says, 'Thim rocks belong to the Kerosene Period, and aren't a day older than sivin thousand years.' You're lucky if a botanist or a profissional grave-digger doesn't come along and prove to the satisfaction of the Court that the deceased had been a calf or else a beadle at the local workhouse in the Mutiny year.

"The worst of it is that each and every wan of them can show why he's absolutely right. And there's not a doubt in the world he is right. If we could all agree it 'ud make Science fifty times as pleasant."

"You're talkin' about that missin' link business, aren't you, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"Missin' link, is it? Sure the number missin' is bigger than thim present. It's heart breakin', Heddle. Just as we've got the whole story the same as if it was bein' told be Sherlock Holmes, some dam fellah is sure to turn up a skull or crossbones that won't fit in with the theeries at all at all. That's why so manny scientists take to dhrink. It's despair's the cause.

"I've been thinkin', Heddle. There's Blinks, with a large head and the brain of a gold fish. Suppose there was an earthquake and he disappeared in the bowels of the earth and lodged in some Kerosene Period rocks. A thousand years hince they'd dig out a piece of his skull. I wonder what sort of an ape they'd consthruct out of him.

"Annyhow, Heddle, if you've a story be Nat Gould to lind, I'll have it."

The Constant Lover

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

NOW my lady's eye doth blaze;
Now, again, she smiles divinely;
Wayward, I love all her ways.

April is her proper name;
Sun enough to make a springtime,
Shade enough to temper flame.

Let who will have woman tame
At the call of lord and master—
Sweet, but sweetly just the same;

I have chosen shade and sun—
Whimsies, teasings, provocations,
Tenderness—all bound in one.

Sure the gods, to suit my mind,
Made her thus to hold a rover—
Made a bundle of her kind.

So of loves I have a store,
And to each of them I'm faithful,
For I have no time for more!

'Tis a right polygamy,
Many shapes of one fair lady
All, by Eros, vowed to me!

"Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary?"—Keats did question;
Had he tried another hue—

Had he seen my lady's eye—
Lustrous, melting, piercing, dancing—
Keats had put his poem by,

Knowing that, with such a cup,
Twice a lifetime could not offer
Years to drain her beauties up.

Herrick—he who frolic swore
That a man was fool to marry,
For one woman made love poor—

Left us scores of pretty names,
Julias, Sylvias, fair Antheas,
Tacked to verses breathing flames.

No such treason mars my verse,
All my loves do make one armful,
All my treasure's in one purse.

Ever let the fancy roam?
Nay! So many loves beguile me,
Pleasure ever is at home!

Christopher Marlowe

By Douglas Ainslie

(Lines written for recitation by Henry Ainley at William Poel's performance of selections from Marlowe, Haymarket Theatre, Friday, 24th July, 1925.)

"WHAT a pretty toy it is to be a poet"—
Wrote Marlowe, with pen of sunlight on the sea,
Then plunged as the dolphins plunge, into obscurity
Of 'whelming waves and spray—the ship's bows throw it
To left and right, as England ploughs the main,
Accompanied by her poet's dolphin school
That swims and sinks, but ever to rise again
Triumphant over time and tide and rule.
Larboard and starboard frolicking, see them rise,
Kit Marlowe first, with the dawning in his eyes,
Before the radiant sun himself has risen.
Maker of England's Faust and of Helen's Kiss,
Of Edward, gules and sable, Marlowe treads again
To-day the boards that groan beneath the might of
Tamburlaine:
O! England's eyes and ears, if you should not love this,
Held were all "pens that poets held"—in vain.

First Ideas on Musical Notation

By J. T. Bavin

THE idea so commonly prevails that there is something not quite easy about the notational signs of music that I am glad to accept the Editor's invitation to write on the subject. My remarks are prompted by a long experience, and I hope to show the difficulty to be the fallacy which it undoubtedly is—a fallacy very largely due, I am afraid, to want of thought about the art of teaching on the part of many of those who "taught music" in the not far-distant past. In any short article it is impossible to deal with the subject *in toto*, and I, therefore, shall confine myself to a few brief suggestions dealing with the first acquaintance with the signs known as notes. I want to show how they may come into the mind of even a young child as something which "growed" there, and not as something forcibly planted by grown-ups, something which stands for, rather than in the way of, music.

Notes are musical signs; their use arose from man's desire to find a means of recording the music which he composed, so that it might be accurately understood by others; passing through many stages and centuries, the signs gradually reached a point which fulfils the function desired. The needs of music gave birth to them; surely then we must approach them through music. First, we must have music—the thing itself—the signs will follow in due course.

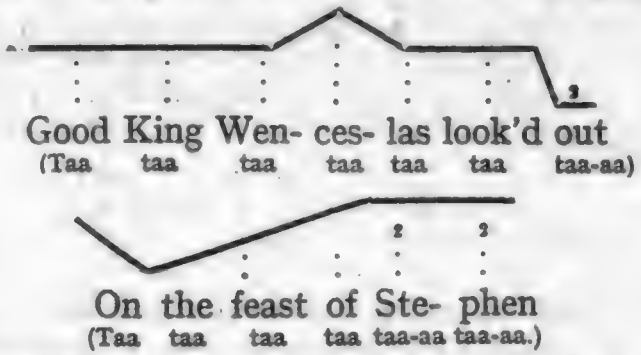
A child's musical experiences begin almost from its birth; the crooning of its mother's voice, the inflections that appear in speech, its own efforts to speak, and eventually its little attempts at song. Here, then, is the approach to music, music the child itself can make; it must be encouraged as much as possible, not by compulsion, but by influence. Let the old nursery rhymes be sung, the more the better, so long as it is remembered that the small vessel, into which is being poured that which the grown-up took years to accumulate, can only expand gradually. Let the little one hear the same tunes sung

by other voices, let them be played on the piano and any other instrument, including the gramophone (Tchaikovski used to say his first impulse to music was given by a musical-box), and they will become familiar through repetition. So we have music; not as a lesson, but as something that is quite natural, something that is a part of us; and so we have all that we require for training the observation and leading to a knowledge of musical signs. Arriving at the baby-schoolroom age we now begin to make discoveries about the songs we know: we sing, for example, "Dickory, dickory dock," and as we sing it we point it with a finger—in the first two lines the hand makes two upward strokes, ascending with the music; in the last two lines, beginning at the top, we have one long descent, with a little kink at the beginning of the last line, until we get to the end of the song. What do the words say? "The mouse went up the clock . . . the mouse went down." Is that how the tune goes? Try this with some other tunes. The result is a realization of up and down in tunes—the range from high sounds (like a baby's voice) down to low sounds (like a man's voice). Let us draw line-pictures of the tunes (blackboard or paper), and so make our first approach to signs representing the rise and fall of music.

There is the tune of "Dickory dock!" Sing it from the picture. Try this with other tunes; let the child also draw pictures. The next step is to make the pictures look more like music; this we can do by ruling five lines through them. Thus the idea of a written representation of pitch becomes familiar.

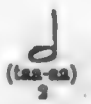
Tunes can be recognized by taps (time and rhythm) as well as by pictures. I have often had a delightful time with even the youngest classes in infants' schools by asking: "Who knows this tune?" and then tapping on the desk various nursery rhymes. The children quickly respond, and get quite keen on the game; in turn each of them does the tapping, and the remainder name the tune. We examine the taps and discover that the reason we

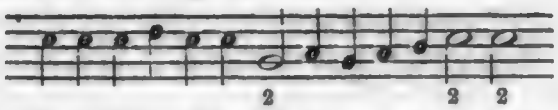
can tell the tunes is because of the way the taps fall into groups consisting of longs and shorts; we discover also that if we alter the lengths it is impossible to recognize the tunes. Our pictures showed the ups and downs, do they show these longs and shorts? And so we arrive at the necessity for something that pictures duration as well as pitch. Listen to the first line of "Good King Wenceslas," for example (or any tune in simple time). Draw a picture of it. Does the picture show the longs and shorts? How do its taps go? We find a long tap at "out," and two more at "Stephen." Now tap in one taps (units) throughout, and find out exactly how much longer are those three long taps; let the words be said with the tapping. Soon we discover two taps at the longs, and on the picture we write a "2" at those places.



(Very soon we shall name a one-tap "taa," and a two-tap "taa-aa," and so arrive at the time-names as written above.)

In music we show longs and shorts by writing signs like these:

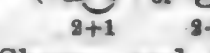
Two-taps:  One-tap:

(the signs sometimes stand on their head and sometimes on their leg). Write these on the picture, and the result of this gradual building-up of steps (picture, five lines, longs and shorts and signs) will be :—

Erase the figures and sing from this. We now have a picture which shows us longs and shorts as well as ups

and downs: that is why we want the music signs (notes), something to picture both the rise and fall of a tune and the lengths of its sounds.

Thus the signs follow the music—the music the child knows. And now he will begin to be dissatisfied with his little line-pictures, because he knows them to be incomplete, and he will be ready himself to translate his tunes into these signs, another kind of picture. The net result will be that whenever he sees those signs, his pictures, they will cease to be mere hieroglyphics, but will suggest music, a tune he can hear in his mind. He will expect to find a tune, just as when he sees groups of the signs he knows as letters he thinks in language. Surely this is the natural and common-sense approach—the thing before the sign.

The "vocabulary" is enlarged by taking a tune like "Bluebells of Scotland," or "Ding, dong bell" (slowly at first) and discovering the quick (half) taps; thus a new sign is introduced:

Tied and dotted notes are introduced when the tune wants a 3-tap or a $1\frac{1}{2}$ 

And so on. Sharps and flats (from a picture of the modulator), and clefs, will follow all in good time—one thing at a time—and, once more let it be said, they all will grow out of music.

After long and unsuccessful efforts to make music grow out of its signs so many of us, alas! gave up the struggle in the days of our youth. Oh! Those dear old piano tutors, instruction books, and methods which taught us the names of the signs rather than their meaning!

Autres Temps, Autres Mœurs

By Horace Shipp

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy. (Barnes Theatre.)
Hamlet, by William Shakespeare. (Kingsway Theatre.)
Prisoners of War, by J. R. Ackerley. (Playhouse.)

"TIME's laughing-stocks!" It was Thomas Hardy himself who taught us that phrase, and with a cynicism of Fate which would command his own respect, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, dramatized to-day, is spoiled for us largely because forty years ago Tess herself and Esther Waters and The Woman Who Did broke down the Victorian convention which made her tragedy possible. Not that it is Tess who "dates." As Gwen Ffrangçon Davies has conceived her in accord with Hardy's Greek fatalism she is one of the figures of any time who are foredoomed to the tragic life and death. But Angel Clare, for all that Ion Swinley makes a superhuman effort to make him convincing, remains maddeningly Victorian, so that half the psychic energy which should be going to the appreciation of the drama is dissipated in combating the appalling priggishness of the young man. We may jerk ourselves back into acceptance by remembering that the passage of forty years has altered our standards, but the harm is inherent in the piece, and we remain, save for the play's greater moments, detached spectators. Great moments it certainly has. One is not likely easily to forget the love scene, the beginning of the confession scene, and most of all that wonderful silent retreat from the room of the murder, with Tess's great haunted eyes watching the door.

These moments drew us in from our detachment. But were they enough, when the name of England's greatest writer stood on our programme? A moment's thought told us how large a part in them had Miss Ffrangçon Davies' art; and of the contribution we were bringing to the theatre as we were reminded of the magnificent writing of the novel. It must be confessed, I think, that Mr. Hardy's dramatization mars rather than makes that shining memory. Tess alone gains in stature; and her mother, convincingly played by Miss Margaret Carter, comes to life. Angel Clare is the hapless victim of the *Zeitgeist*; Alec D'Urberville belongs to the old

Lyceum; and almost all the rest of the characters are written and played as rural lunatics. The great love scene is interrupted two or three times by these village idiots, the confession scene is led up to by an irrelevant piece of tomfoolery performed by two of them; Felix Clare is a music-hall curate; old Durbeyfield continues the family name nonsense *ad nauseam*; and the seaside lodging, which is the scene of the finest tragic moment, is replete with two of these low comedy specimens. I confess that I wondered whether this mistaken humour would bring a comic policeman into the Stonehenge scene, and grew as angry with these strangely-conceived minor characters as I had done with the bands of maidens who, for reasons which did not reveal themselves, crowded suddenly into Durbeyfield's garden, did a country dance, and as unexpectedly fled.

One would have said that with the time element so strongly against it, Hardy could afford to take no risks with the tragedy of Tess, and it is witness to the wealth of drama in the original story that it endures through the score of technical faults with which he has handicapped it. Tess's tragedy remains—timeless and eternally significant, though time and Mr. Hardy have done so badly by it in this stage version.

The other outstanding stage event of the month is also a study in anachronism. Sir Barry V. Jackson has startled us by presenting *Hamlet* in modern guise. A daring experiment, truly, and those of us who have accepted the idea that *Hamlet* is everlastingly applicable trembled a little for the test of the theory. It was not a narrow question of modern dress, but a wide one of modern conception. Rhetorical speech of blank verse was abandoned with the traditional inky mantle, and the verses were delivered in a modern nervous rhythm, the soliloquies became introspective analysis, the action restrained and low in tone values, occasionally blazing into violence with the reaction from repression. Some fresh meanings were revealed, and nearness to our own selves made apparent. It removed the centre of the play from the action to more spiritual significance. It became a study in the disillusion of adolescence, the souring of life by loss of faith, the paralysis of action by

the too inquiring mind. Polonius and certain of the minor characters were seen in new perspective, and Hamlet's love for Ophelia was given much more significance.

Apart from the obvious incongruities of poisoned swords and such unmodern externals of the play, one had to write on the debit side some errors of judgment. The clothes themselves (apart from those of the King and Polonius) looked rather more suburban than courtly; and whereas the first scene might have initiated us so that it did not disturb our sensibilities, this was played almost in complete darkness, and the whole modern wardrobe was thrown at us in a blaze of light. Also there were portions which were not keyed to the contemporary production. Frank Vosper, as the King, hesitated between the modern and the traditional rendering, slipping into blank verse elocution often, and taking the altar scene in Lyceum style. The actual Hamlet of Colin Keith-Johnson was perfectly consistent. Unfortunately, quite apart from any question of costume, Hamlet, Gertrude, and Ophelia suffered from being taken by players who did not look the parts. Nevertheless, it was an interesting experiment, throwing new light upon the play, and initiating an autumn season in the London theatre more full of promise than any since the war devastated that artistic area. Tcheckov is only just ending after a hundred and fifty performances, Pirandello starts at the Hammersmith Lyric, O'Neill at the Ambassadors, a Shaw season at the Regent, whilst half-a-dozen other plays worthy the attention of adult intelligence have a place on the London stage. Foremost among these is the excellent piece of work by Mr. Ackerley, which Nigel Playfair has presented at The Playhouse. *Prisoners of War* is a truly remarkable play—a study in by-ways of psychology, if you will, but so sincerely written and presented, so true to its tragedy of these lives outside the usual currents of existence, that one leaves the theatre awakened to understanding through the medium of a great piece of art. Its technique is unerring, and it is safe to say that if Mr. Ackerley has not been indulging in a *cri de cœur*, but can continue to apply his instinct for dramatic dialogue and situation, we have a new English dramatist.

Books

BIOGRAPHY.

TYPES AND CHARACTERS. By WALTER SICHEL. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE biographer of Disraeli and Sheridan is seen in lighter mood in this kaleidoscopic volume, described in the Letter of Introduction as "A manual of hims and hers both ancient and modern." Part I, labelled "Idealogues and Idealists," opens with five rather severe satirical sketches (reprinted from the "Saturday Review") devoted to the weaknesses of those rather outworn prophets, the Fabian brotherhood, and closes with a treatment in somewhat similar vein of four "philanthropists." Sandwiched in between these are, however, sympathetic presentations of four "true idealists," and of two wives, embodying the Martha and Mary types respectively.

But the kernel of the book is contained in the second part, in which the author quizzes, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, the quiddities of the present age—its "new" poet, artist, children, women, advertisement, newspaper, novelists, society. Of the verse we took most delight in the stanzas hitting off "The New Loo," a girl of the Period, with its delightful refrain, *What on earth were her parents to do?* But "Minerva of the Post Office," couched in mock-reverential key, is quite as good in its way. Of the prose, "The New Society" strikes one as a highly acute piece of anatomizing, which sometimes goes deep, but "A New King" and "The New Rot" as a trifle over-subtle. The dialogue illustrative of the statement that "Youth can be cruel to Age," in which two daughters discuss their respective fathers, has the stamp of reality, and "The New Investor," with its shrewd malice, will appeal to connoisseurs of finance. The treatment of our latest novelists is scarcely so happy: few of them are easily recognizable, and the medium of verse does not seem well-chosen for the purpose of exposition. In discussing "The New M.P.," it is remarked that since the war there has come about much blurring of party lines, and that the House of Commons "grows more and more the greatest of our public schools." Lady Astor fascinates Mr. Sichel, who "would not miss her exuberant interruptions for worlds," though he suspects her Conservatism. Four new Prime Ministers, disguised under classical titles, will be easily recognized. The new species of blue stocking, "alive and dancing after a score of lectures and half a score of balls or theatricals," is very happily hit off.

"Odd Numbers," constituting Part III, is an Addisonian collection of studies, such as the "Belle Laide," the "Faux Bonhomme," the "Collector," the "Cross-Worder," and similar familiar types, an especial tenderness being shown for the Bank Clerk, whilst there is rather a down on the Dentist. The female enchanter "not in the first flush of youth" is mercilessly dissected as "Lorelei." In a fourth and final section our author gives his fancy freer play and shows himself at home on the borderland of fiction.

THE GODFATHER OF DOWNING STREET. By JOHN BERESFORD. Cobden Sanderson. 15s.

THIS is a scholarly biography of Sir George Downing, who, after having been Cromwell's scoutmaster-general and his ambassador at The Hague, managed to retain the latter post under the Restoration Government, and afterwards became secretary to the Treasury. The

title of the book arises from the fact of his having acquired the lease of certain Crown property in Whitehall, of which the present Nos. 10 & 11 Downing Street formed a part: the founder of Downing College, Cambridge, was Sir George's grandson.

If, as the author claims, his subject was a "unique personality," it cannot be said that he was a pleasing one. As the biographer remarks, his vaulting ambition never o'erleapt itself, and his apology for his services to Cromwell—that his education in New England had caused him to suck in erroneous principles—was probably not taken too seriously even by his new royalist employers. Pepys's comment on the base betrayal of the regicide refugees in Holland—that the action, though of service to the king, was that of "a perfidious rogue"—hits the mark fairly enough; and the fact that Downing had actually been chaplain to Okey, one of the three victims of his official treachery, is a peculiarly odious feature of the deed. He does, however, seem to have been aspersed by the historian Wicquefort in the matter of his sudden departure from The Hague in 1665, and his "moderate" speech in favour of comparative leniency to the mad blasphemer Naylor may, perhaps, be allowed to stand to his credit. But the character that emerges from the whole story is that of an avaricious and determined timeserver, whose "efficiency" covered a multitude of very unattractive qualities.

That he was a determined and assiduous diplomatist is manifest enough from the chapters which Mr. Beresford devoted to his dealings with the Dutch. These are of some historical value, though some of their conclusions may not be accepted. Downing was certainly bellicose, but his opponents were trying customers, and the author's judgment that the blame for the second Dutch war should be equally distributed is probably just enough.

In the chapter which Mr. Beresford allots to Downing as secretary to the Treasury (an appointment highly approved by Mr. Pepys) he credits him with the virtual creation of the Treasury "as that term is understood to-day," and adds that the system of appropriation of supply is also due mainly to him. Downing encountered strong official opposition, but was supported by the astute King Charles II. He got a good many pickings in the course of his administrative career, from which the Cambridge foundation that bears his name still benefits. Recent research has enabled the present author to correct some of the statements contained in Mr. C. E. Pascoe's "No. 10 Downing Street"; he says that it is uncertain whether Sir George himself ever lived in the street. This book is admirably produced and handsomely illustrated.

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

FICTION.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. WELLS. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. WELLS, always the admirable showman—exhibiting and discussing his characters with penetrating and tolerant grace—grows more bland and lovable with the years, and, as he is the "onlie true begetter" of Christina Alberta we may admit at once that he is the best character in the book. Christina Alberta's titular father, a humorous, pathetic little man—one of those insignificant little people by whom Mr. Wells delights to readjust our prejudices—does not quite convince us in his transition from the laundry to the lunatic asylum; he figures for us, in his megalo-

maniac experience, the latent *imperium* which lurks in all our inferiors—the mystical tremendousness of the ego; but we don't sufficiently see the release of his demon to be quite satisfied, there seems to be a clue missing, so we have to be amused and stirred by the externals of his curious progress. These pictures are as fine and as complete as anything to which Mr. Wells has accustomed us—the Chelsea studio, the Tunbridge Wells boarding house, the lunatic asylum—of which, in his indignation, our guide gives us an almost Russian realization. The indolent author, the keen psycho-analyst, and the delightful young man with a tender heart—to say nothing of Christina Alberta herself, the child of destiny, the very human changeling, who figures for us all that is admirable in the modern young woman. Well, it wouldn't be Mr. Wells if we didn't get the authentic haphazardry of life, sprinkled with real-seeming people, and those queer happenings which convince by their aptitude to nature; but the novelist is a little overshadowed by the benevolent philosopher of life, we miss a certain tang of the ironic, a certain nimbleness of surprise —"Christina Alberta's Father" has too much the quality of the diversion of a great man to rank with his best—but it is only to himself that we can go for a scale of comparison—to "Tono Bungay," to "Polly," or to "Kipps."

THE TALE OF GENGI. By LADY MURASAKI. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

ABOUT the time of the Norman Conquest this Japanese lady of high descent (certified by a genealogical table) wrote this romance—claimed, by its publishers' notice, to be one of the greatest long novels extant. It is assuredly long and extant, but its greatness is still to seek; but for all that it is a most illuminating document of old Japan. "Gengi" was a sort of left-handed prince of the blood of whom his father, the Emperor, was excessively fond; he was a beautiful and accomplished youth playing ravishingly upon the flute, the zithern, the lute and, apparently, upon the mouth-organ. He danced the ceremonial dances in use at Court with so much grace that spectators wept. He was extremely good at impromptu *poems* of two lines—the appropriate form of communicating the emotion of love—and he had many affairs of the heart. The story opens with a group of courtly youths discussing the philosophy of love, some advocating highly born and cultured women and others the plainer and simpler sort, but in terms of calm analysis; and Gengi's subsequent doings lead the reader to suppose that he was experimenting upon the advocated varieties. But how calm, sweet, and deliberate are all these passions; how civilized and robed in observance and ceremonial; how full of delicacy and of dignity was Japan when our thousand years of civility was just beginning. Little wonder that "The Mikado" was temporarily banned out of consideration for the feelings of our allies—it is such a complete understatement of Japanese Court etiquette. It's a pity Shakespeare couldn't see this book, he might have given us another midsummer night's dream of mortals who were fairies, who transmuted the common affairs of life into a form of exquisite sensibility, but there would be no part for his funny men, and nothing to split the ears of such groundlings as ourselves. The translator's foot-notes are illuminating to this tale of incredibly good manners, and both he, Mr. Arthur Waley, and the publishers, deserve well of us for this delightful and informative human document.

BOOKS

ART.

MEMORIES OF LIFE AND ART. By WALTER SHAW SPARROW. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

FOR many years Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow has been that almost incredible thing, a popular art critic. He has succeeded in treating art and æsthetics in such a manner that the man from the street entering a picture gallery no longer looked for a holy water bowl nor instinctively spoke in hoarse whispers. Here, in a fascinating book of memoirs, the secret of that success is made clear. Mr. Shaw Sparrow reveals himself as a very vital personality, overflowing with good humour and optimism, able to castigate the evils in the society of his time in a fatherly way, and, above all, keenly alive to happenings and social conditions. He states firmly at the commencement of the volume that he believes in writing memoirs as a contribution to sociological literature, for we need, and posterity will need, a record of these personal sidelights on affairs. Since his life took him through a typical Victorian childhood and public school, through the art schools, the *ateliers* of Paris and elsewhere, through a brief stage career with Sir Frank Benson, and finally brought him as critic and editor into touch with some of the greatest personalities of his time, his assertion is supremely true of his own record. He has no illusion that the most important thing in the world is pigment or chiaroscuro, and will comment on the European situation or the need of shock-absorbing wheels on motor omnibuses with the surety of a man whose opinion is worth listening to, and with an inexhaustible sense of humour. His memoirs prove him the sympathetic critic of art and life, and a charming personality, whether we agree with him or not.

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THE DIARY OF THOMAS TURNER of East Hoathly, Sussex (1754-1765)

Edited by FLORENCE MARIS TURNER (Mrs. Charles Lamb) great-great-granddaughter of the Diarist, with an introduction by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Illustrated. Foolscap 8vo. **5s.** net.

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What is Implied in the Term Canadian

By Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G., LL.D.
President, University of Toronto.

(On Page 595)

Empire Notes

General Elections Oversea.

CANADA is in the throes of a general election campaign. The principal issues around which the battle is being fought are the tariff and the railway problem. In view of the revolt against the Liberals, which was manifested recently in the Maritime Provinces by the overthrow of the Liberal governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, due mainly to local dissatisfaction at the declining political influence of the Atlantic provinces as the result of the growing power of the West, and to the closing of the United States market by the Fordney Tariff, it seems likely that the King administration will lose ground in the East, but whether there will be a turnover of votes in Quebec on a sufficiently large scale to place the Conservatives in power with an independent majority is doubtful. The probabilities are that no party will obtain a clear majority of seats, and that a Liberal administration, still more dependent on the

Progressives (Farmers' Party) than the existing King government has been, will continue in office. It may be, however, that the Canadian people will show their disapproval of the three-party system in similar fashion to the electors of the United Kingdom. New Zealand will have a general election in December, and the issues raised by Mr. Bruce in connection with the Deportation Act have necessitated an appeal to the Commonwealth electorate. Explaining the reasons for the dissolution (the general election will take place in November) Mr. Bruce said that irresponsible extremists were working insidiously through the industrial organizations by fomenting strikes, direct action, job control, and general industrial unrest with the object of achieving their sinister aim. The position was so serious that he was compelled to ask for a mandate to authorize the Government to take the measures necessary to maintain the supremacy of parliamentary government and law and order. With Labour in control of five of the State governments, the Federal Administration's position has become very difficult in the face of the grave problems that have arisen and are likely to arise from the shipping strike. Mr. Bruce has taken a courageous stand, and constitutionalists throughout the Empire will hope that the Commonwealth will give an unhesitating verdict against the would-be wreckers of society, who are troubling the peace of the Empire as the tools of the crazy oligarchy that has abolished liberty in Russia.

Shipping Strike

SERIOUS losses are being occasioned to primary producers in South Africa and Australia by the hold-up of shipping as the result of the seamen's strike at Union and Commonwealth ports. The South African maize export season should now be in full swing, and already, as a consequence of the hold-up, Union maize has missed the early market by failing to reach this country in advance of the Argentine crop as it should have done. This means a heavy loss, and is particularly unfortunate as the crop is of record proportions. Large quantities of citrus fruit have had to be destroyed. There may be important political consequences, and the trouble may strengthen the hands of the South African Labour and Nationalist elements

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South Africa and Mozambique

NEGOTIATIONS for a renewal of the Mozambique Convention are to take place at Lourenço Marques during October. Informal conversations have been in progress since the early part of this year, and it may be hoped that a new agreement will be reached in the near future. The principal points to be settled are the proportion of import traffic for the Transvaal mining region (known as the "Competitive Area") to be allotted to Lourenço Marques, the number of natives from Portuguese East Africa to be recruited annually for the Witwatersrand mines, and the tariff treatment of colonial produce to be accorded by Mozambique to the Transvaal Province and vice versa. Other points that will doubtless be discussed are the non-completion of the direct railway from

Lourenço Marques to Johannesburg via Swaziland, and the dispute between the South African banks and the Banco Nacional Ultramarino arising out of the declaration of inconvertability of the latter's *libra esterlina* note issue. With mutual goodwill there is no reason why a satisfactory accord should not be reached. At Beira, also, the situation has been much improved by the agreement between the new port development company and the Rhodesian railway interests, which has been followed by the addition of three representatives of the latter to the port company's board of directors.

The Tanganyika Highlands

STEPS are being taken to promote white settlement in the extensive highland areas in the southern part of Tanganyika territory. A Government survey of the area between Iringa and Tukuyu is being made, and it is stated that a Nairobi firm has opened a land agency at Iringa. Land can be obtained on favourable terms, but lack of transport facilities is a serious difficulty at present. The proposed railway from Ngerengere to Lake Nyasa, which was recommended by the East African Commission, would pass within about seventy miles of Iringa, with which it would doubtless be connected by a motor road, but careful consideration should be given to an alternative route for the new line which would bring it into closer contact with the highland area suitable for European settlement. It is very important that wherever climatic conditions are suitable the creation of citadels of the white race in Central Africa should be encouraged, both from the point of view of defence and of stimulating native development by contact with civilized communities.

Grain Elevators in Australia

VICTORIA seems likely to follow the example of New South Wales by installing grain elevators to replace the present system of bagging wheat. A Parliamentary Board appointed by the Victorian Government has recommended the construction of 132 country elevators, with terminal elevators at Williamstown and Geelong, at a cost of £3,500,000. The total capacity of the elevators would be 17,445,000 bushels, and it is calculated that this would suffice for handling a 40,000,000 bushel crop.

What is Implied in the Term Canadian

By Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G., LL.D.
President, University of Toronto.

THE extension of the meaning of the word Canadian from its earliest use by a small number of French-speaking people on the banks of the St. Lawrence River to its present application is a significant historical phenomenon. Those inhabitants of Quebec have given to the world a name of far greater import than they realized, though they still believe that they have the supreme share in its ownership. With it they are satisfied, for they know no other. Normandy and Brittany, from which most of their ancestors came, they do not keep in remembrance; and with the country whose language they speak, they have but the slightest sympathy, though a younger intellectual group does profess to find in Paris its standards for the arts, letters, and sciences. But the *habitant* is not to be weaned away from his love of the home village with its church, even when for a living he goes to the United States, and to the end of his days he speaks of himself as a Canadian.

To the outside world, however, the term has a vastly wider meaning. It includes not only the French-speaking dwellers in Quebec, but more than six millions of people chiefly of British origin who have their homes in eight other provinces between the Atlantic and the Pacific. These, with Quebec, have been federated into the Dominion of Canada. Their name has made its way by reason of its convenience, not because it was loved from earliest days, except by the people of Quebec. But it has proved to be useful and appropriate. Those who employ it for themselves find it an appellation which is at once correct and modest. Unlike their neighbours who call themselves Americans, they do not, in using it, claim more than they have a right to. Canadians are, of course, Americans also, as are Mexicans, Peruvians, Chilians, and members of the dozen and more states on the two continents, but as applied to them the term would be almost meaningless, whereas their own name is,

to a certain extent, a record of their history. It is original, it has a worthy past, it may well enjoy a glorious future. As for the people of the United States, they are welcome, in so far as Canadians are concerned, to call themselves Americans, though in so doing they expose themselves to a charge of aggressiveness, their plea in extenuation being that they can find no usable title which is peculiar to themselves.

The word Canadian calls up a definite history. It signifies the growth of a new nation: it also suggests a reason for its existence. Of course, its origin lies in a past long before the conquest of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, but its germinative power entered after that event, as the English became the controlling influence throughout the region which was to extend in time through its natural hinterland to the Pacific. Like the cell, Canada was shortly divided into two parts—Lower and Upper—and when these were united again they resulted in the creation of a much greater body than themselves. But the Dominion of Canada did not come to the birth without many pains, and its infancy was cradled in trouble. For many a day the Maritime Provinces refused to be called Canadian; and British Columbia had lived so long isolated within and beyond three high ranges of mountains, that when she entered Confederation she took the new name in the spirit of a bride who, in a marriage of convenience, will not entirely drop her own. The fact that the name has now been adopted by all sections of the country may reasonably be taken as proof that within it there is a vital idea which has great power of endurance.

A brief review of history will make this clear. After the expulsion of the French-Acadians from Nova Scotia the fertile valleys which they had occupied were settled by people from New England. Communities of English, Scotch, and North of Ireland folk had also been formed before the war of the revolution broke out. Halifax had been founded in 1748 partly to offset Louisbourg. Canada also had its English governors, and most of its business was done by English merchants. There was, therefore, in 1784 a foothold for those former American colonists who, in spite of grievances many and serious, would not abandon their allegiance to Great Britain; and tens of thousands of dispossessed refugees found a

new home under the British flag. A separate province, New Brunswick, was created out of these loyalists, but those who went to Canada became the most influential, by reason of the immense fertile territory of which they took possession and of its geographical position. They soon discovered that they and the previous French inhabitants could not agree, and they got their own province, called Upper Canada, as distinguished from Lower Canada, which the older part then became. This was the first extension of the name.

In sharing it with the English the French did not realize that, as seed carried to distant and alien soil yields a different quality of fruit, it would take on new significance. But there was this that did not change : the word meant that those who employed it were a people different from those of the recently formed United States, and that they were held together not by sentiment, but by a common allegiance to Great Britain : if, indeed, it can be said of the French that they felt allegiance ; they rather accepted the situation as being the best possible in the circumstances, for France could do nothing for them and, indeed, had always been an unnatural mother ; and they preferred British rule to the overlordship of the protestant and democratic United States.

The yoke that was laid upon these two disparate partners was not really a hard one. At times it galled, but this was due chiefly to the local officials and cliques to whom, like careless or harsh drivers, the overlord had allowed too much power. Out of this came the struggles for self-government, issuing finally in the new imperial policy which has been of extraordinary significance.

Contemporaneously similar struggles were taking place in the Maritime Provinces. Their population was then, apart from the American settlers already referred to, out of sympathy with the United States ; but they lived their own life, cut off by the forests and the French-speaking people of Quebec from the rapidly increasing population of Upper Canada, which was very similar to them in origin and in character. Upper Canada, however, was to the people by the sea a far-distant province with which they had fewer connections even than with the United States.

It is to be observed that both in the Canadas and in

the Maritime Provinces this effort for the obtaining of responsible government did not divide the people upon the question of loyalty to Britain and annexation to the United States. In the remarkable letters of Joseph Howe to Lord John Russell, which are a classical exposition of the colonial case, there is no suggestion that such a choice lies before the provinces. He asks that the Motherland trust her sons who have gone out from her, and give them the freedom which they have learned from her to be their right. For many a day Britain did not take to heart the lesson of the revolt of the American colonies, and in respect of imperial policy she owed far more to the insight and the foresight of such great governors as Durham, Bagot, and Elgin, than to the statesmen who held the reins of power at home during that epoch.

The important fact to be borne in mind is that the retention of British connection was an essential element in the mind of the people of Canada and of the Maritime Provinces. Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. George Brown, the two leading English-speaking fathers of Confederation, were both of Scottish birth, and thoroughly devoted to the Motherland. When Joseph Howe opposed the federation of Nova Scotia with Canada he advocated instead a federation of the Maritime Provinces as firmly attached as ever to the Old Country. Even in the proposal for the larger federation one factor was the desire to confirm the relationship of the provinces with Great Britain. It is true that the proximate cause was the necessity of solving the deadlock into which the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had been brought, but an attendant cause also was the fear of American aggression after their Civil War. Canadian statesmen were convinced that they would be better able to resist united than separate, and that the ties which bound them singly to Britain would, in unity, receive an accession of strength. Nor were the Americans slow to see that this would be the result: actually a Bill was introduced into Congress expressing dissatisfaction with a step which would make the position of Britain on the North American continent more permanent.

Confederation was effected in 1867. The Dominion of Canada came into being. But, as is well known, there was trouble in the Maritime Provinces. New Brunswick

entered reluctantly; Nova Scotia was forced in by the masterful Sir Charles Tupper; and Prince Edward Island stayed out for several years. They feared absorption into the larger unity, lest power would pass to the West and trade would leave them. These latter misgivings the people of the provinces believe to have been only too amply fulfilled. Their depression in trade, a frequent cause of complaint, they set down to their loss of self determination in fiscal matters. This is not the place to estimate the correctness of their opinion. What concerns us here is the fact that for many years after Confederation came to pass the majority of the people of the Maritime Provinces, especially of Nova Scotia, did not speak of themselves as Canadians.

Confederation has now been accepted, however, as an accomplished fact, and the younger generation use the name Canadian, and recognize that they have a share in the heritage of the Dominion. Thoughtful people are aware that the sea-board provinces, if separated from Canada, could not long escape being drawn into the United States, and they would not tolerate such a reversal of their past. But, indeed, there has been during these two generations a greater approximation in character between the Maritime Provinces and the rest of the Dominion than is generally supposed.

No such difficulties as these were encountered in bringing the Prairie Provinces into Confederation. The new territory, purchased by the Dominion from the Hudson's Bay Company, was first occupied by Canadians chiefly from Ontario. They wished to retain their associations with the East, and still thought and spoke of themselves as Canadians. The lines of the West were laid by the East. Law and order were in the control of the Dominion Government, which also made provision for means of transportation and developed the natural resources. Churches were built and maintained by help from the East; the schools were supplied by eastern teachers. The early settlers were strong, high-minded people, just as devoted to Britain as were the relatives whom they had left; and what they did has been so permanent that, though millions have come in since, they have not changed materially the lines that were laid by the Canadian pioneers. In the years preceding the War

the inflow reached its height, and consisted roughly of one-third from Britain, one-third from the United States, and one-third from the countries of central and northern Europe. Of the Americans some were returning Canadians of the first or second generation, and many were of Scandinavian origin.

These Americans have made good citizens, and have accepted the new conditions in which they find themselves. They still have more understanding of and sympathy with their kinsfolk in Minnesota, the Dakotas, or Iowa, than with the people of Ontario, whom they have never known, and from whom they are separated by vast spaces which interfere with the conductivity of sentiment. But the newcomers, whether American or European, are for the most part content to adopt the name Canadian, though it cannot mean to them all that it does to the man from Ontario; and so far they have found so much satisfaction in the British institutions under which Canadians live, that they will soon be absorbed into the national body.

Before Confederation the British Columbian knew practically nothing of Canada, and was as likely to be an Englishman who had come in through the United States, or an American, as a former dweller in the East. But the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has changed the situation, and now the Canadian element is the largest factor in the population. Even twenty-five years ago anxious Easterners were heard to say that if British Columbia was to be saved for the Dominion, it would be necessary to Canadianize the mainland. To-day, however, Vancouver city is Canadian, not American. Its prosperity depends in large measure upon the growth of the Prairie Provinces, and already it is fast becoming one of the two chief ports of the Dominion, and will soon be one of its largest cities.

This rapid survey of the rise and growth of the Dominion of Canada has shown, it is hoped, how a name and the idea for which it stands has, with greater rapidity and permanence than might have been expected in view of the difficulties, spread itself over a vast area of the best unoccupied territory of the northern hemisphere. The name did not call the people into being, nor did they choose it to represent a unity of which they were already

in possession. Rather by destiny English and French were thrown together in a new country, which had continuity in the basin of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. They were kept together by reason of the fact that they had a powerful neighbour with whom they would not unite, and they could live in mutual tolerance provided they remained under the sovereignty of Great Britain. To this combination the older name of Canadian was given by ordinary usage, and it was accepted as suitable for the larger Federation when the two other provinces, which had no common name of their own, such as Acadian, were induced to throw in their lot with them. Canadians are idealists, and from the beginning have preserved their identity because they believed that there was room on the North American continent for another organized society, even with internal differences of race and language, which should maintain allegiance to the throne of Britain, and live in sympathy with the Britannic peoples. This ideal it was, in so far as in the case of the French it was not a negative attitude towards the United States, which brought together and has kept steadfast in unity so many diversified and widely-scattered provinces.

A real national sentiment has been created, and has shown itself in the common accomplishment of the nine provinces in their corporate existence. It was a venturesome experiment for the remnants of British peoples and the former French colony to embark on their career, and ever since there has been such an element of the precarious in the undertaking that most Americans, until recently, and not a few Englishmen, have believed that it could not succeed. But it has succeeded and with growing hopefulness. Canada has already significant marks of nationhood—a people with a distinct self-consciousness alongside of the most powerful of modern commonwealths; a capacity for government under exceptional difficulties of geography and race; commercial and banking institutions of undoubted progressiveness and credit; transportation systems, both private and national, which are among the most efficient in the world; ability to finance her own way as shown by the fact that her people have taken up eighty per cent. of her public debt; and an accomplishment in the Great War which has made her highly

respected for her virile qualities. Confederation has been productive of results and inspired hopes which no one province could possibly have effected or promised.

Still, however, the manifest duty of Canadians who have the welfare of their country at heart is to cultivate a sense of loyalty to the Dominion as a whole: provincial or local loyalty comes so much more easily, especially to those who live at great distances from the centre. While it cannot be said that any Canadian provinces have been in the same frame of mind as were the southern States before the Civil War, Easterners may understand how the Virginians or Carolinians put their state before the power that centred in Washington. Fortunately, when the Canadian constitution was decided upon, the opposite principle to that of the American was adopted, and all the residuary jurisdiction after that definitely assigned to the provinces was given to the federal government. This has been of immense importance for the unification of the Dominion, and Ottawa is growing in influence every day. Even Quebec realizes that, since so many of the French race are to be found in the other provinces, such protection as she thinks her compatriots of the dispersion may from time to time stand in need of, is to be sought at Ottawa.

Ottawa has never been in the control of Ontario and Quebec combined, the provinces which, by reason of their position, would most readily influence its politics, and which also have thus far most obviously reaped advantages from Confederation. Had they together sought to direct the central government, elements of disruption would have been at work long ago in the other provinces. It so happened, however, that from the beginning they have had difficulties with each other, which it was hoped would be at least alleviated by Confederation. Alleviated they have been, but never removed, and the danger of misunderstanding always lurks in the background. Even though at present the economic interests of their manufacturing centres are nearly identical, they do not agree so wholeheartedly upon any policy that the rest of the Dominion regards them as being in coalition against it.

The provinces reinforce their effectiveness and attain their influence, not as they magnify their independence,

strive though they must to preserve their individuality, but as they co-operate with one another in enabling the Dominion itself to accomplish its potential development. The man from Nova Scotia or Ontario or Saskatchewan finds himself a much more respected person abroad as having behind him the prestige of the Dominion of Canada, and he will love his own province none the less, nor cease his endeavours to secure her rights.

A Canadian is often asked in England whether the Dominion has reached a stable position, and what is to be its future. The answer to the second question depends, of course, upon that to the first. Though there are undoubted difficulties in the present situation, and much dissatisfaction in some of the provinces, it may safely be affirmed that the Dominion of Canada has never been on a more secure foundation than to-day. As to the future there are only three possible issues—development on present lines; annexation to the United States; or independent existence outside the British Empire.

The third of these seems to me to be in the nature of the case almost beyond the range of possibility, at least until a period before which one or other of the remaining issues will have been determined. Such a firm and vigorous nationality would be required as could only be attained after many years of the working of the constitution. Meantime the character of the people would have undergone essential change. According to the outline of history, which has been given in this article, two principles underlie Canadian unity—attachment to Great Britain, and a determination not to be absorbed in the United States, the second, except in the case of Quebec, being derived from the first. The former of these has been the tie that has held the provinces together. If that tie were loosened and undone within the next generation, there would be disintegration of the Dominion and eventual absorption of the provinces into the United States. Why should the Maritime Provinces not follow whither they would suppose their trade interests to lead them? Why also should the Western Provinces not become outliers in the range of such states as Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Washington, and Oregon, with which economically and racially they have already intimate relations?

There are, therefore, only two real issues: development of the present status within the Empire, or annexation to the United States. The latter would mean the renunciation by the people of their whole history for the past one hundred and fifty years. The name of Canada would disappear as a factor in the life of the world, and its use be retained only by the French *habitant* on the St. Lawrence, as it was his before the conquest; for the man from Ontario would belong to a state with that name, and be known, like his neighbour in New York, as an American. Intercourse would be no longer east and west, but north and south; and such common and distinctive qualities as we have been working into our Canadian character would be gradually obliterated; the name itself being remembered only a little longer than was that of the Southern Confederacy, when once it had been conquered by the North. Such a prospect, if imminent, would bring grief and humiliation to the overwhelming number of the people of all the provinces; and unless my observation is entirely at fault, there is less possibility of annexation at present than there was in at least two former periods of greater financial depression than exists now.

Those, therefore, who rejoice in the possession of the name Canadian, and are proud of the history of the Provinces and of the Dominion, believing that what has been done is but an earnest of greater things that may be accomplished if we have faith in ourselves, should endeavour to strengthen the institutions, influences, and sympathies which hold us to Great Britain; for in that attachment alone is the security of our identity and our ideals. Difficult though it is for the rising generation, whose fathers even may never have seen the Motherland, to acquire the understanding of her by instinct, much may be done of set purpose and by education. Thus far emotion and fresh memories have been rich. Hereafter that emotion may become the subsoil, on which may be cultivated a reasoned conviction as to the value of our membership in the British Commonwealth of nations. If fruit like that of the past, though more finely flavoured, continues to appear, there will be heard few expressions of desire for radical change.